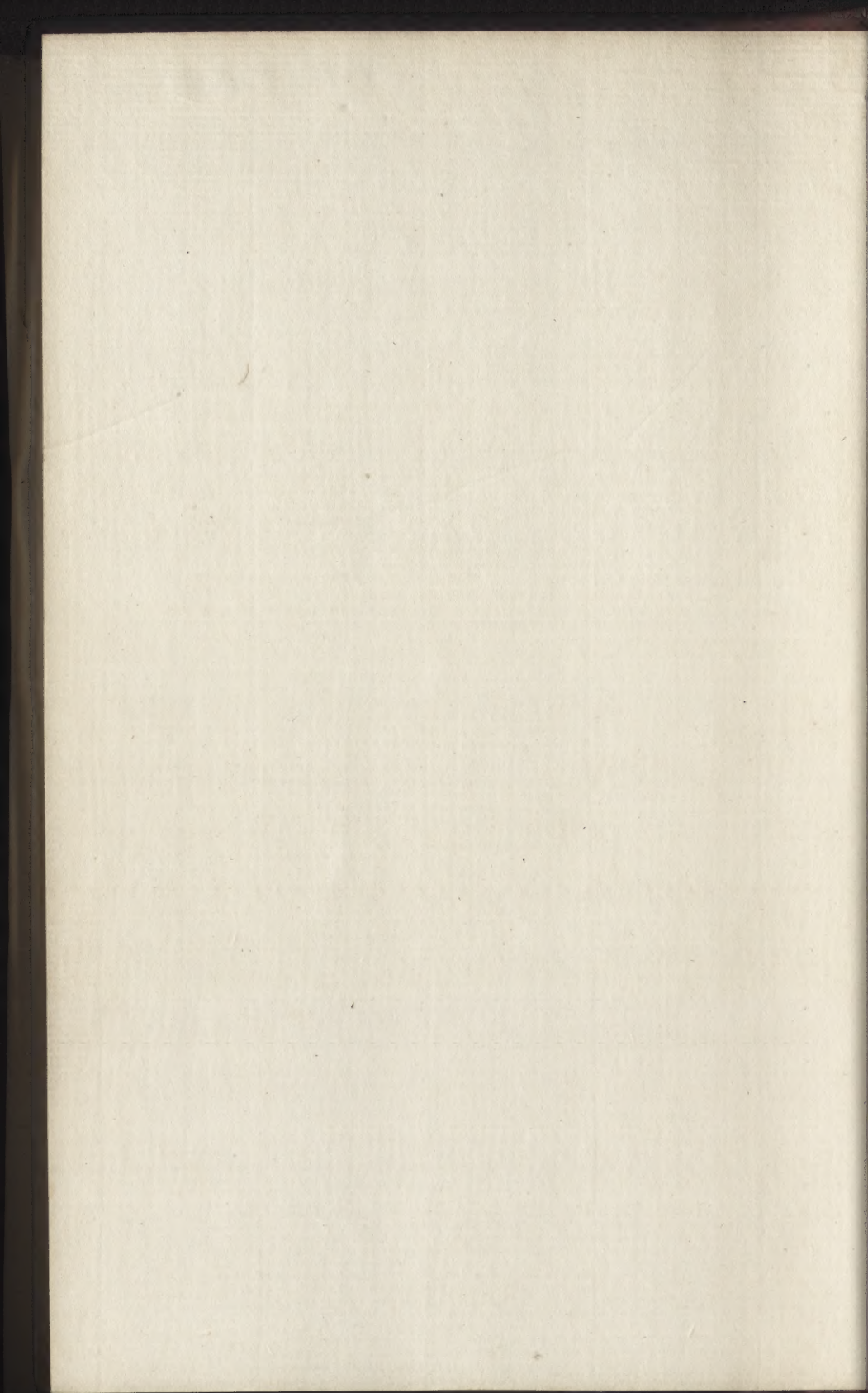
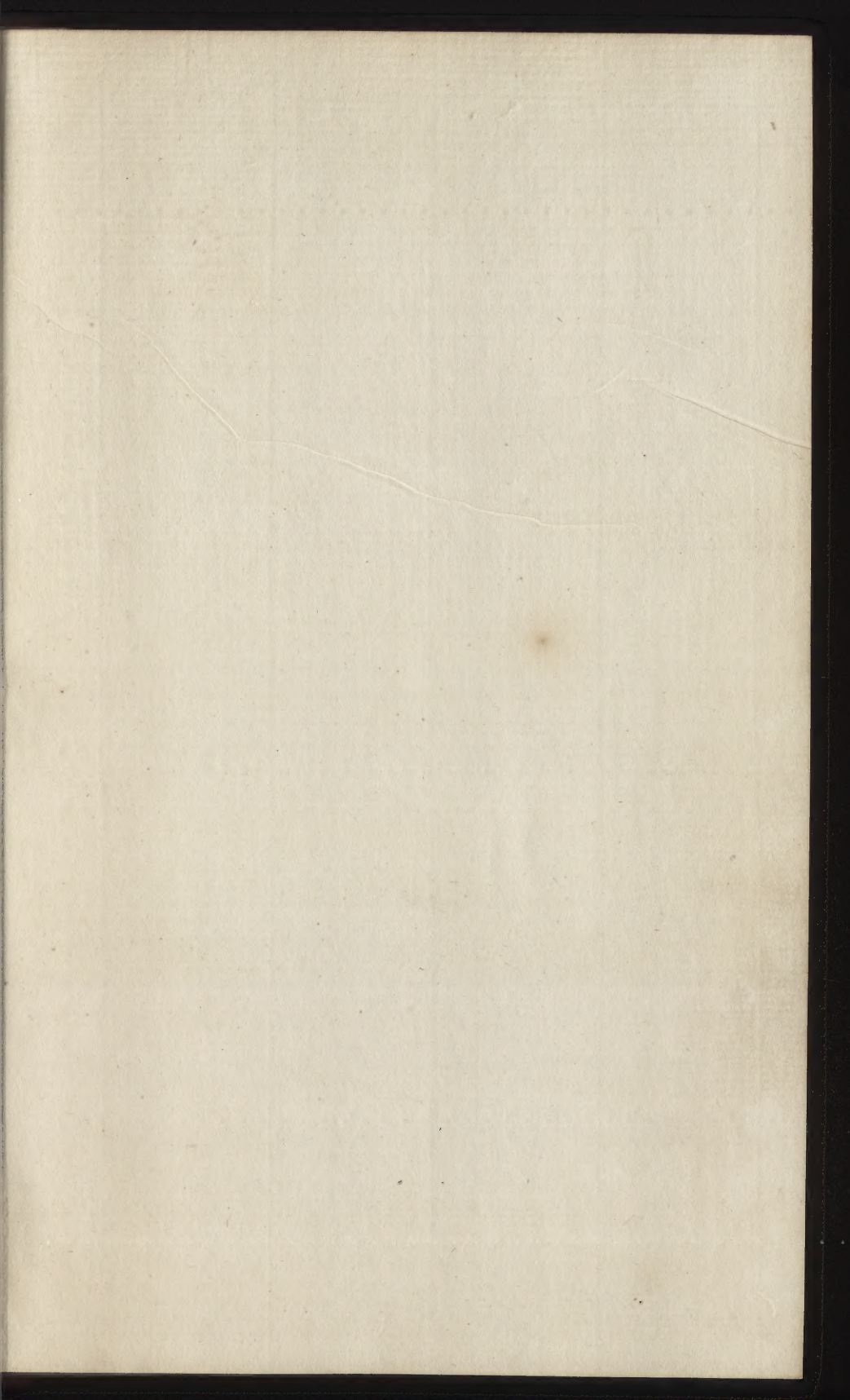
The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring large, irregular, cell-like shapes in shades of deep red, olive green, and black, with some white speckles. A rectangular piece of aged, off-white paper is pasted onto the center of the cover. On this paper, the text "George Reading Leathers" is written in a cursive script, with "Gulpen" written below it in a similar but slightly less formal script.

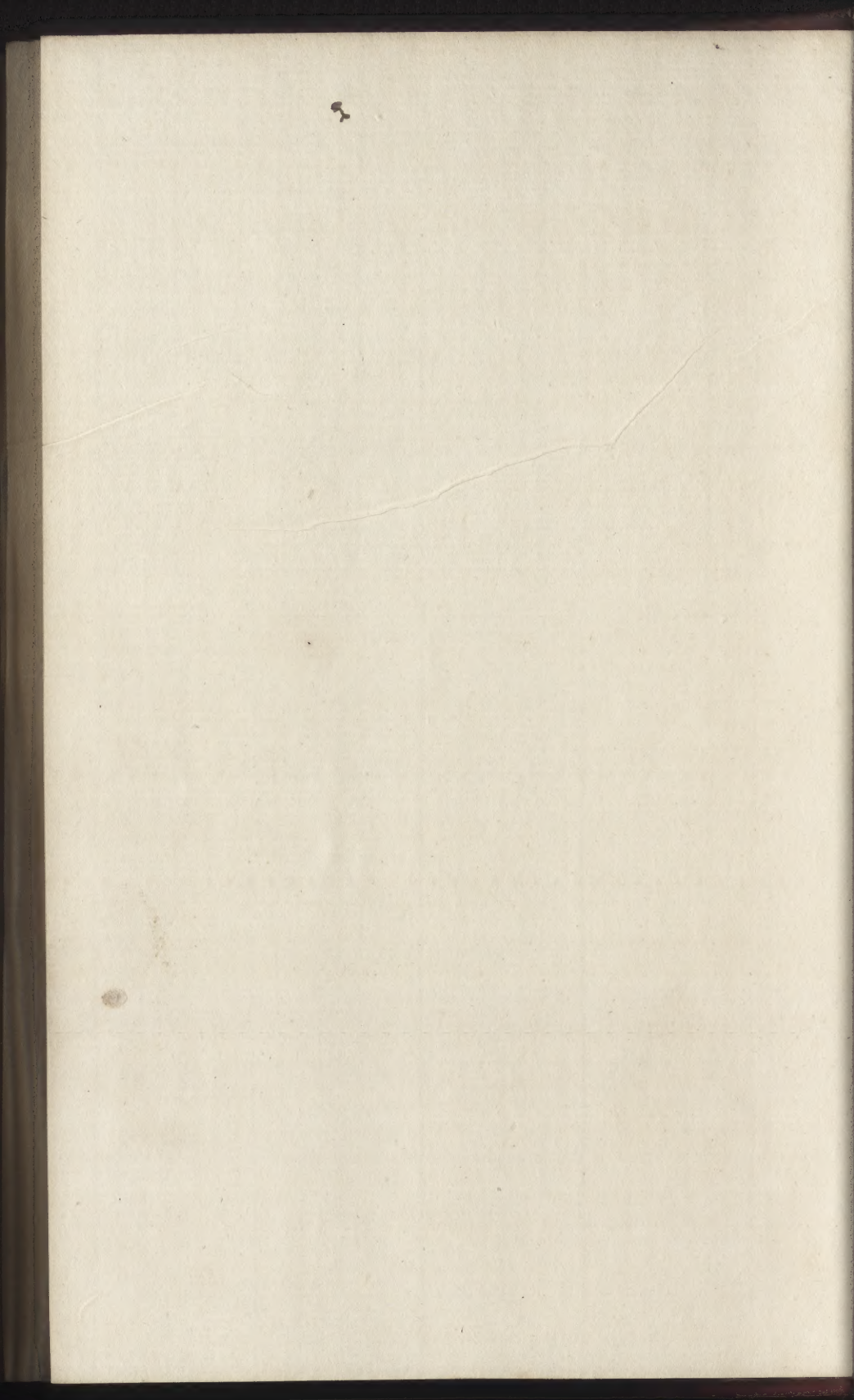
George Reading Leathers
Gulpen



Wm. Collins.







OBSERVATIONS,
RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO
PICTURESQUE BEAUTY,
Made in the YEAR 1776,
On several PARTS of GREAT BRITAIN;
PARTICULARLY THE
HIGH-LANDS of SCOTLAND.

V O L. II.

By WILLIAM GILPIN, A. M.
PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND
VICAR OF BOLDRE IN NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

L O N D O N;
PRINTED FOR R. BLAMIRE, STRAND.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

OBSTERVATIONS

RELATIVE TO THE

PICTURESQUE

SCENERY

ON SEVERAL PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND IRELAND

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

VOLUME I

BY WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.

OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, AND
OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, LONDON.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR R. BARNARD, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXIX

OBSERVATIONS
ON SEVERAL
Parts of GREAT BRITAIN;
PARTICULARLY THE
HIGHLANDS of SCOTLAND.

S E C T. XXI.

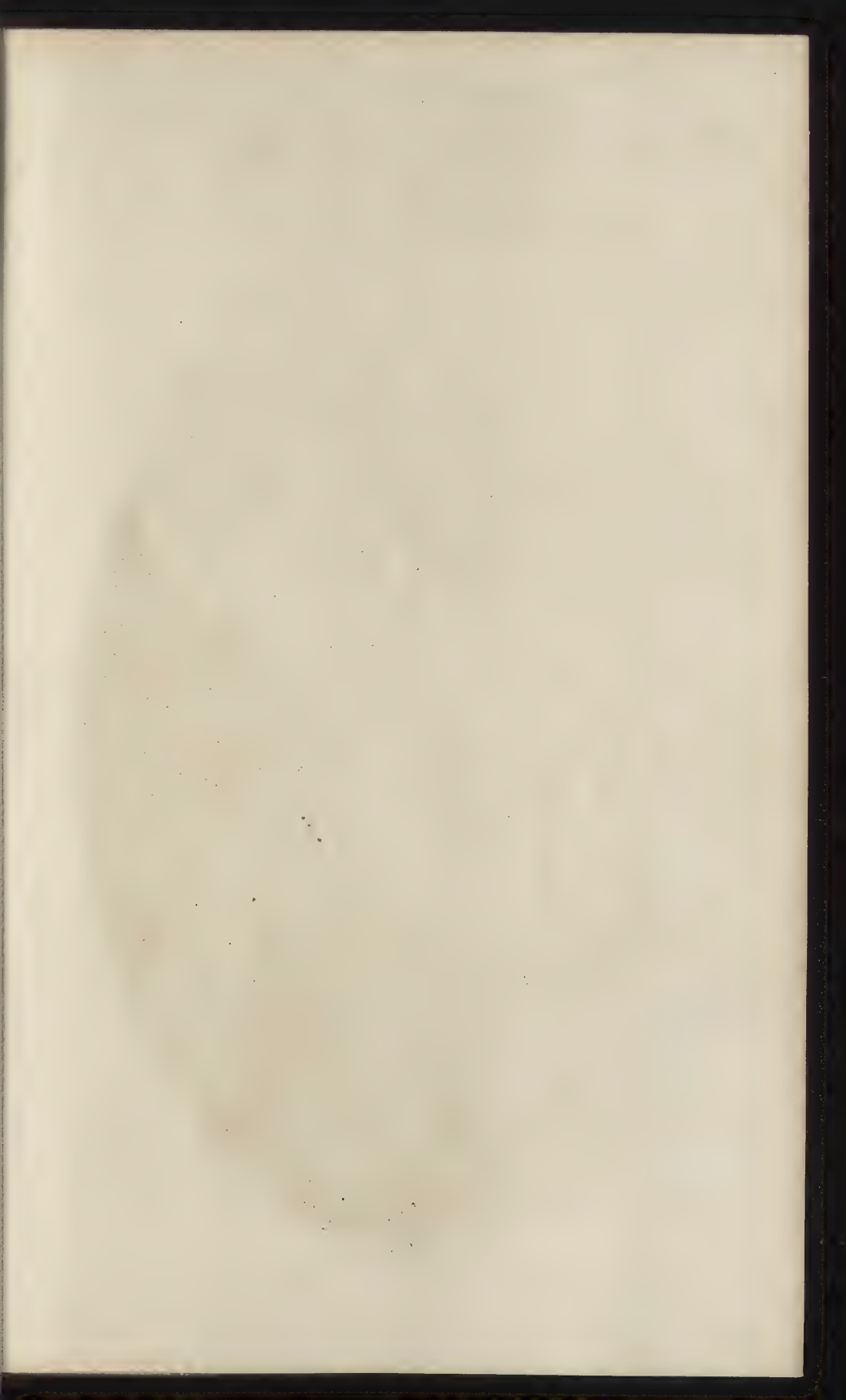
WE left the scenes of Inverary with regret; those scenes, in which the grand and beautiful are as harmoniously combined as we almost in any place remembered to have seen them. We approached it through magnificent woods; and we left it through a succession of lake-scenery, still more magnificent. Ten miles we travelled along the confines of Loch-Fyne, skirting that grand opening, which it forms to the north east.

It's skreens are every where equal to the expanse of it's waters. They are indeed chiefly

naked, and want some munificent hand to spread a little sylvan drapery upon their bare, enormous sides. But what they lose in beauty, they gain in grandeur.

Their situation also upon the lake operated as another cause, to impress the idea of grandeur. Nothing exalts the dignity of a mountain so much, as it's rising from the water's edge. In measuring it, as it appears connected with the ground, the eye knows not where to begin, but continues creeping up in quest of a base, till half the mountain is lost. But a water-line prevents this ambiguity; and to the height of the mountain even adds the edging at the bottom, which naturally belongs not to it. Thus the mountain of Doniquaick, seen from the new inn at Inverary, appears as if it rose from the water's edge, tho in fact the duke of Argyle's lawn intervenes, all which the mountain appropriates: and tho it measures only eight hundred and thirty-five feet, it has a more respectable appearance, than many mountains of twice it's height unconnected with water.

But these skreens, tho the grand idea is principally impressed upon them, are not totally devoid of *beauty*. Two circumstances
in





in a lake-skreen produce this quality; the line, which it's *summits* form; and the *water-line*, which is formed by projections into the lake*.

Of these modes of beauty we had great profusion; and might have filled volumes with sketches: but unless there is something in a scene besides these beautiful lines, something which is striking, and characteristic, it has little effect, we have seen, in artificial landscape.

Uncharacterized scenery is still less adapted to *drawing*, the beauty of which depends chiefly on composition, and the distribution of light. In *painting* indeed, colouring may give it some value; but in *drawing*, something more interesting is required to fix the eye; some consequential part, to which the other parts of the composition are appendages.

In our whole ride round this extensive bay of Loch-Fyne, we met only one object of any consequence to mark the scenery. It was a ruined castle upon a low peninsula. The lake spread in a bay before it, and behind it

* See this subject treated at large in Observations on the lakes and mountains of Cumberland, &c. p. 82 and 95.

hung a grand curtain of distant mountains ; one of which is marked with a peculiar feature—that of a vast ridge sloping towards the eye.

We now approached the end of the lake, where, in the seaman's phrase, we *raked* a long reach of it. When we view it in this direction, and conceive ourselves at the head of a bay of salt water, sixty or seventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth, and at least fifty from the sea, we have a grand idea of the immense cavern, which is scooped out between these ranges of mountains, as the receptacle of this bed of waters. If we could have seen it immediately after the diluvian crash, or whatever convulsion of nature occasioned it, before the waters gushed in, what a horrid chasm must it have appeared !

Ideas of this kind seem to explain a difficult passage in Tacitus. In describing the Caledonian coast, he observes that, *Nusquam latius dominari mare ; multum fluminum huc, atque illuc ferre ; nec litore tenuis accrescere, aut resorberi ; sed influere penitus, atque ambire, etiam jugis atque montibus inseri, velut in suo**.

* In vita Agric.

Some explain this passage, as if the sea would sometimes cover even the tops of the mountains. Others, among whom is the learned Gronovius, † laying the stress upon the word *ambire*, and arbitrarily changing *velut in suo* into *velut insulis*, make the sea, instead of covering the mountains in it's rage, only to surround them, and form them into islands.

Neither of these interpretations can well be the historian's meaning, as they both imply the sea to be in an agitated state: whereas he he had just before told us, that these seas were scarce ever known to be agitated. *Pigrum, et grave remigantibus perhibent; ne ventis quidem proinde attolli*: and this information he seems himself to have believed; giving physical reasons, such as they are, to ascertain it's probability. We are constrained therefore to illustrate this passage in some sense exclusive of that dominion of the sea, which it exercises in a storm.

Two other species of it's dominion over the land, seem to be alluded to; the dominion of tides, and that dominion, which it seems

† In a note in his edition of Tacitus, which he seems to approve.

to assert, by running up in creeks into the country. I should therefore translate the passage thus: *Over no country the sea asserts more dominion. In various parts it meets the mouths of rivers; and not only washes the shores with the flux, and reflux of it's tides; but flows boldly up the country, winds round vast stretches of hills, and mountains; and makes deep inroads into the land, as if it were it's natural channel.* —There cannot be a better comment upon this passage, than the western coast of Scotland; which may in some degree therefore ascertain the truth of the translation.

Having doubled the northern point of Loch-Fyne, we came to Carndow, which consists only of a few inconsiderable houses; and turning to the left, we pursued our rout in quest of the scenes of Loch-Lomond. Our road led through the valley of Kinlas, which is one of the wildest, and most sublime vallies we had yet met with. The two ranges of mountains, which form it's skreens, approach within two or three hundred yards. We were immured between them*. Moun-

* See a scene of this kind described, in *Observations on lakes, and mountains, &c.* vol. I. p. 209.

tains brought near the eye, like objects in a microscope, appear monstrous. They require distance to give them softness; and remove deformities. But these mountains had few deformities to remove. They were magnificent; and yet well proportioned: bare of wood indeed, but rich from a varied and broken surface.

————— Their contrasts broad,
And careless lines, and undulating forms
Played through the varied scene.

Through the valley ran a stream, tumbling violently over the rocky fragments, that opposed it's course: and to compleat the grandeur of the whole, the sky happened to harmonize with the mountains, shaping the clouds into those grand forms, which Virgil calls the *cava nubila cæli*; and Shakespear, still more expressively, *the cloudy cheeks of heaven*—those swelling forms, which present so strongly the idea of puffed cheeks. Shakespear's idea may be inelegant: but it is exact; and the forms themselves are very picturesque.

It is a happy circumstance, when we find a sky thus suited to a landscape. In point of *harmony of colouring* the sky and landscape seldom vary. The former generally impresses

it's ruling tint on the latter. But the *harmony of composition* is another point; and is not always so exactly found. Tho the general tint of the sky may be harmonious; the clouds may still be ill formed, and unpicturesque. And it cannot be otherwise: for among all the appearances of nature, nothing assumes such variety of shapes, as these floating bodies. Amidst this variety there must often be bad forms. The painter therefore takes care not only to impress the ruling tint of the sky on his landscape; but also to get a good modulation of the sky, in that key, if I may so speak, which he hath chosen.

No precise rules in the choice of a sky can be given: nor in the adapting of skies to landscape. This latter especially is matter of taste rather, than of rule. In general, clouds in large masses, like those, which gave occasion to these remarks, are more beautiful, than when they are frittered. Large swelling fleecy clouds on a blue sky are often beautiful. A few light floating clouds (yet rather contiguous,) in one part of the sky; when the other part is of a uniform tint, has the effect of contrast. It is a beautiful species of sky also, when the dark part melts gradually into the

the lighter: and this may be carried to the highest degree of contrast in a storm. Breaks also in the sky, when you see a light part through the disparting of dark clouds, are pleasing. And one or other of these species may be suited to all landscape. The full meridian sun, and clear ethereal sky, are seldom chosen. The painter commonly chooses his skies in a morning, or evening; which he thinks will inlighten his picture to the best advantage, and give it the most brilliancy. Of one thing he should be very careful; and that is to avoid all shapes of animals, or other objects, into which clouds are sometimes apt to form themselves. I have seen a good picture spoiled from having the clouds formed in the shape of a swan. From this mischief Shakespear may guard us.

Sometimes you see a cloud, that's dragonish:
 A vapour sometimes like a bear, or lion;
 A tow'ring citadel, a pendent rock;
 A forked mountain; or blue promontory
 With trees upon't, that nod, and mock the eye
 With empty air.

Having travelled two or three miles in the valley of Kinlas, we found the end of it closed by the skirts of a mountain, which the road ascends.

ascends. Here the river, (which in the valley, was only a violent stream) descends in a rougher manner, through the several stages of the mountain; and sweetened the toil of our ascent, which was made on foot, by exhibiting cataracts, and water-falls in great variety. At the summit, we found a small lake, which was the reservoir of all these beautiful exhibitions. The road we travelled, is a military one; and has been made at great expence of labour. The toil it cost seems expressed by a sigh in an inscription on a stone-seat at the top, *Rest, and be thankful!*

The descent, on the other side, is a direct precipice: but a zig-zag road is contrived, which is passable enough. This road brought us into Glen-Croey; which is a scene of peculiar construction.

Glen-Croey is a valley, which seemed to us about two miles in length, tho it may be longer, well proportioned in it's dimensions; and screened, on every side by mountains as magnificent, and as finely formed, as those we had passed: but it's peculiarity is this, that altho in the neighbourhood of the wildest,
and

and most rugged scenes, yet (contrary to the usual mode in which nature unites contiguous landscape) it is totally smooth, and almost polished. The bottom of the valley consists chiefly of fine pasturage, which cloaths also the sides of the mountains. The softness of the herbage upon their distant sides, appeared like a rich, spreading, velvet mantle. Here and there the broken channel of a torrent had formed gutters in the declivities; but in general, all was quiet, and unbroken. Had this valley, and it's lofty skreens been planted, the scene would have been delightful. The grandeur of the valley of Kinlas could support itself independent of wood: but the valley of Croey, inclining rather to the beautiful, than to the sublime, is not complete without that accompaniment.

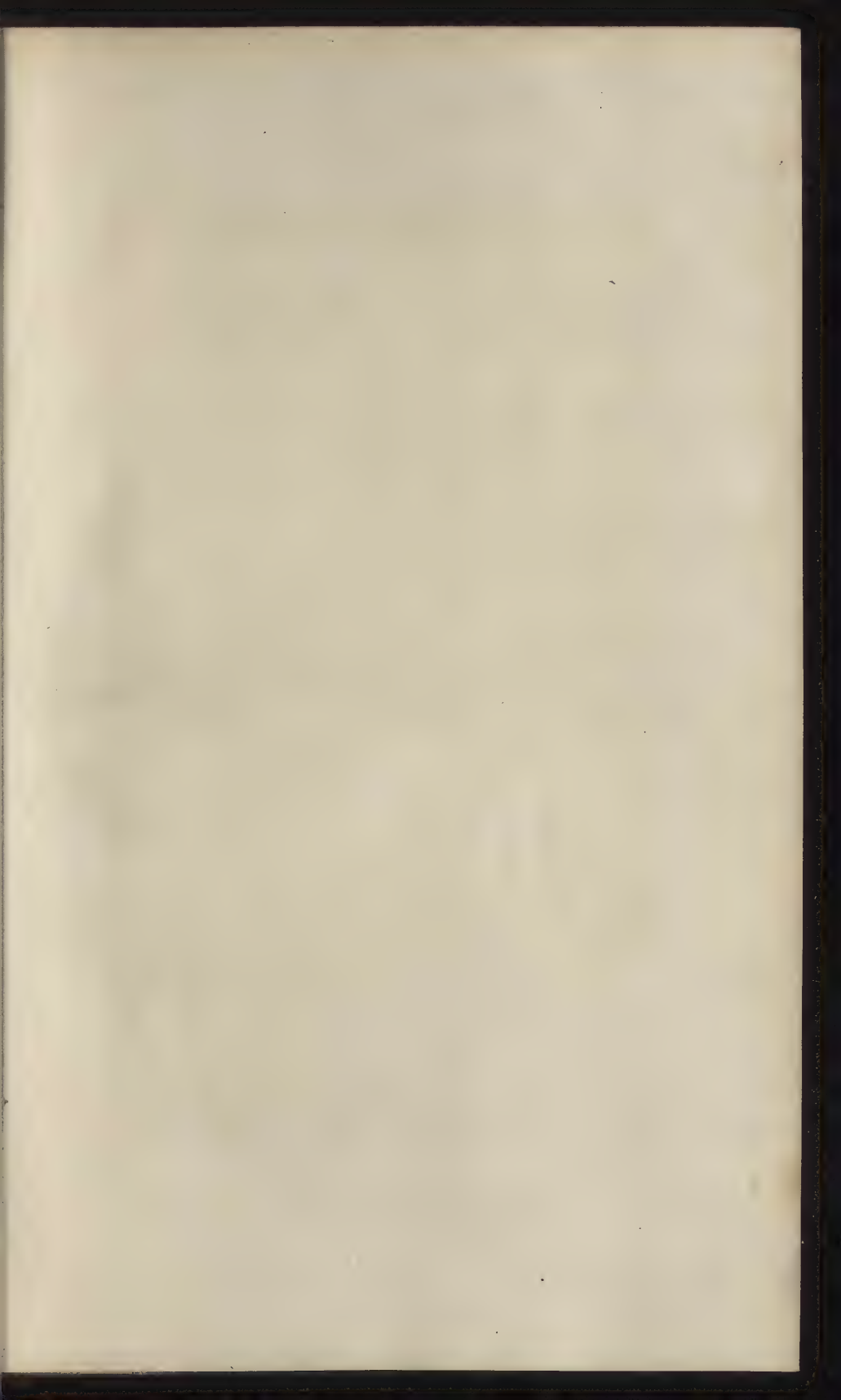
In the middle of the vale stands a lonely cottage, sheltered with a few trees, and adorned with it's little orchard, and other appendages. We might call it a feat of empire. Here resides the hind, who manages, and overlooks the cattle, which in numerous herds, graze this fertile vale: and if peace, and quietness inhabit not his humble mansion, it does
not

not harmonize with the scene, to which it belongs.

From the valley of Croey we soon reached the banks of *Loch-Loung*, or *the lake of ships*, another salt-water lake; in which, according to the geography of Tacitus, the sea is wont *influerè penitus, atque ambire, etiam jugis, atque montibus inferi, velut in suo.*

In the account I have given of the two vallies, which lye between Loch-Fyne, and Loch-Loung, I have described the first as rough; and the latter, which is the valley of Croey, as smooth. I should not however conceal, that I have seen the journal of a late traveller, which inverts this order. It makes the valley of Kinlas pasturage; and Croey, it describes as rocky. I dare not take upon me to say, I have made no mistake. I can only say, that my minutes were taken on the spot.

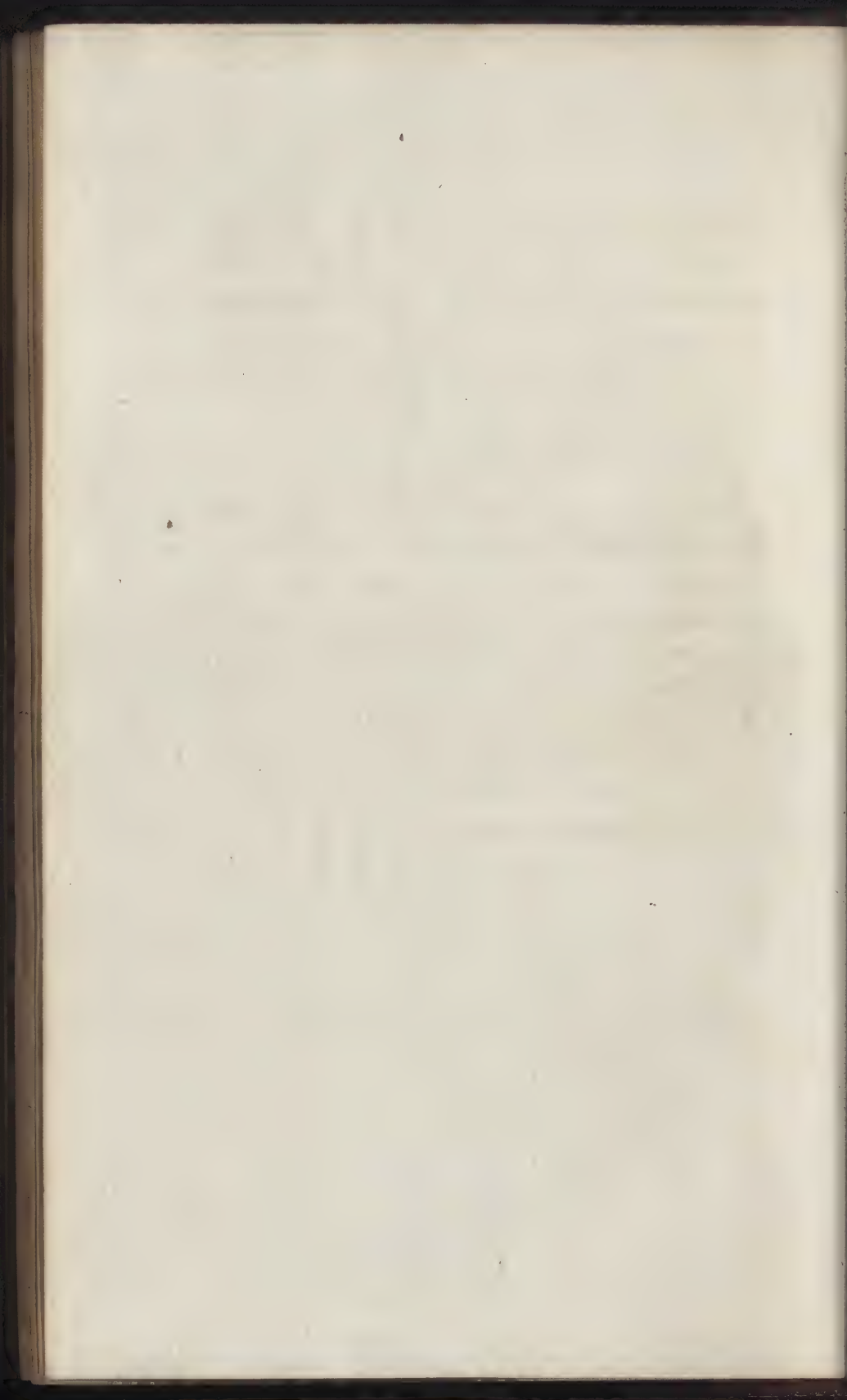
Loch-Loung opposed our farther passage by it's extremity, which formed the point of a bay. This bay we skirted with so much pleasure, that we could have wished the interruption had been greater. As we
ap-





approach the vertical point, it rose in value, exhibiting a simple, and very sublime piece of lake-scenery. Upon it's shores and rocks lie sea-weed, shells, and other marks of a tide; with alone shew it to be salt-water; for it's banks have all the verdure, and vegetation of an inland-lake.

From the confines of Loch-Loung, we had a short ride to Tarbet, which stands upon Loch-Lomond; the scene we had so long expected. *Tarbet* is a common name in Scotland for a town seated on an isthmus between two lakes; which is the situation of this place; a mere neck of land dividing Loch-Loung from Loch-Lomond. Some suppose the word *Tarbet*, to signify the same as a *Carrying-place* in America. Here the scenes of Loch-Lomond opened before us.



S E C T. XXII.

L OCH-LOMOND is a fresh water lake; about twenty-four miles in length. It's northern end is narrow, running up a considerable way, among lofty mountains: but it widens towards the south by degrees; and attains a great breadth. Some say it's surface is observed gradually to increase; and pretend to shew the ruins of buildings far in the waters, when they are in a transparent state. But we saw nothing of the kind.—As this lake has ever been esteemed one of the most celebrated scenes in Scotland, it will be proper to dwell a little upon it.

Tarbet lies upon the narrower part of the lake, from whence we took our rout to Luss, which commands the broader. The road accompanies the lake; and is exceedingly grand, and generally lofty, in every part.

Water,

Water, and mountains are the removed part of the scene: rocks and hanging woods adorn the foreground, among which, at every turn of the road, the lake appears to much advantage. The whole road is exactly that path upon the grand scale of nature, which is prescribed in the improvements of art:

————— that path, from whence, the sight is led
 Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou windst
 That line, take heed between the scene, and eye,
 To vary, and to mix thy chosen greens.
 Here for a while with cedar, or with larch,
 (That from the ground spread their close texture,) hide
 The view entire. Then o'er some lowly tuft,
 Where rose and woodbine bloom, permit it's charms
 To burst upon the sight. Now through a copse
 Of beech, that rear their smooth, and stately trunks,
 Admit it partially; and half exclude,
 And half reveal it's graces. In this path,
 How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
 Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present
 A different picture, new, and yet the same.

This road is one of the grand entrances into the highlands; and a very formidable one it is. It runs along the side of a mountain, and is in many parts a mere precipice hanging over the lake; and tho secured sufficiently for travellers, is still a dangerous defile for an army. The difficulty of making
 it

it has been great. In several parts it is cut through the solid rock, which is left as a pavement; and the grateful traveller finds himself indebted (as an inscription with Roman brevity informs him) to the labours of Colonel Lascelles's regiment.

About three miles from Tarbet, where the road rises, we have a grand retrospect of the narrow part of the lake. A mountain, on the left, near the eye, runs boldly into the water; beyond which the lake retires, bay after bay, in perspective, among distant mountains into its deep recesses.

The colouring of these mountains was very beautiful. It was an early hour: the sun just rising had not strength to dissipate the blue mists, which hung upon them; but yet its faint radiance, here and there, tinged their broken points, and shed an effusion of the softest, and most delicate light. The effect too was assisted by the waters of the lake, which in some parts were scarce distinguishable from the base of the mountains.

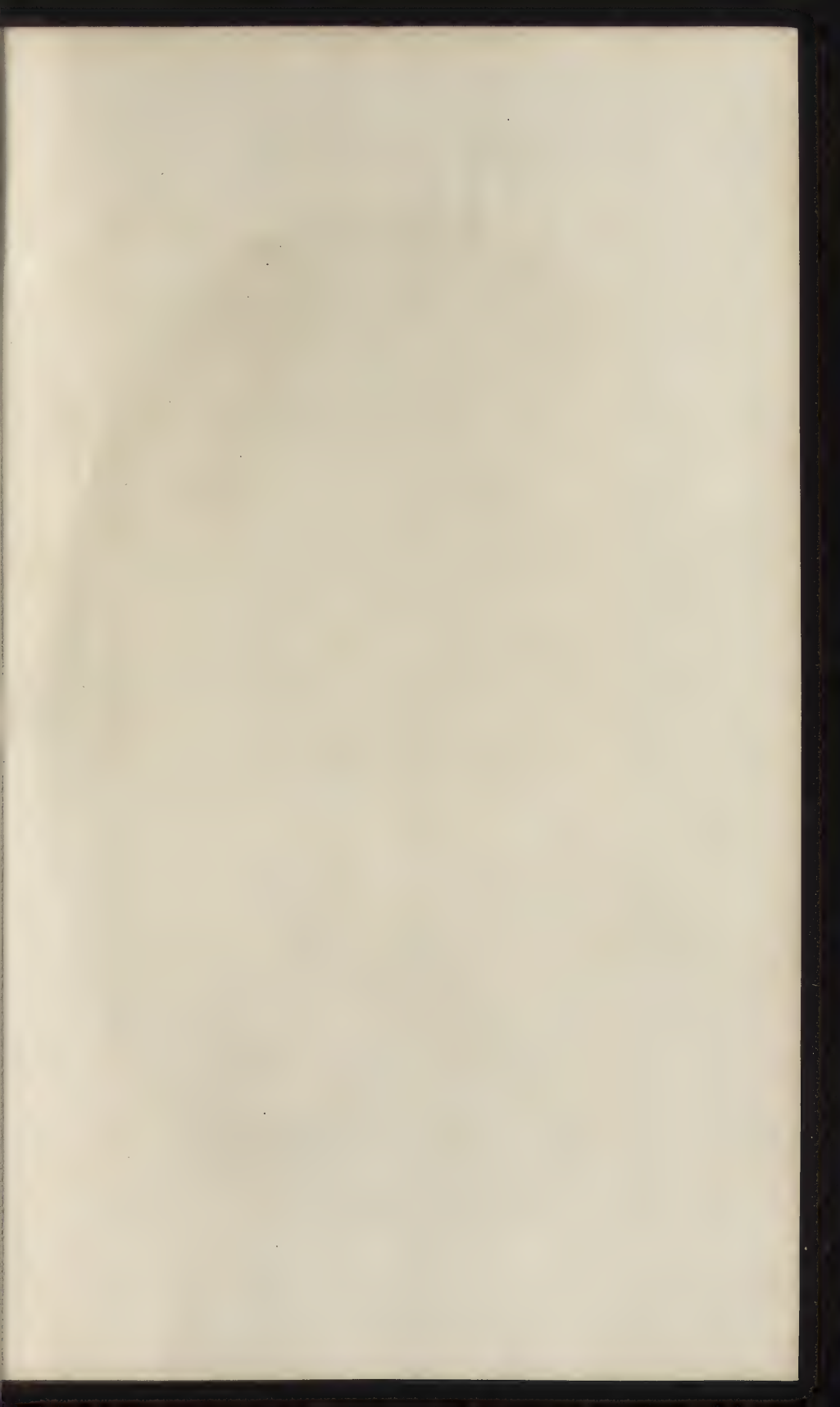
There is a passage in the prophet Joel, which I think nobly descriptive of such a scene as this. He is describing the day, in which the Lord cometh to execute judgment.

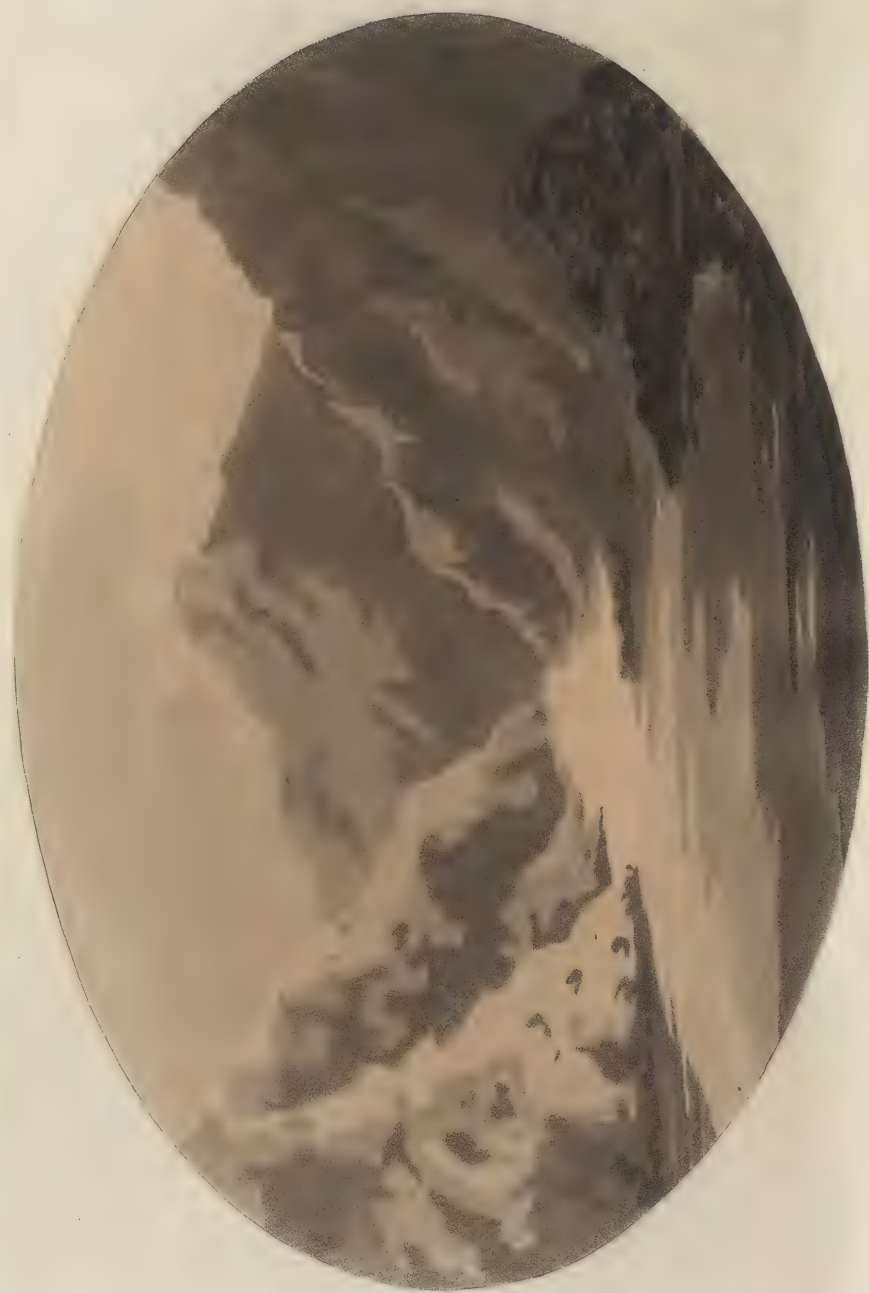
It is a day, says he, of darknes, and gloomines —a day of clouds, and thick darknes—as the morning spread upon the mountains.

Having been always therefore pleased with this passage, particularly the last clause of it, as a piece of sublime, and picturesque imagery, I was not a little disappointed in finding it animadverted on by so able a critic, as the bishop of London, in his excellent translation of Isaiah*. He allows the *morning* to be the usual sense of the Hebrew word in this place: but as the same word also signifies *gloom*, he rather prefers that word here, because the *morning*, he thinks, is an *incongruous idea*.

If the bishop had ever paid any attention to the effects of morning-lights in a mountainous country (which the prophet, who had always lived in such a country, probably did,) he would not perhaps have taxed the vulgar translation of this passage with *incongruity*. By a very easy, and elegant metonymy, the morning, which is the *cause*, may stand for that *brightened gloom*, which is the *effect*.—If, on the other hand, we understand by

* See his note on If. viii. 20.





the *morning* only a *gloom*, the sentiment gains nothing. It is a mere repetition.

I would not be supposed to dispute a point of criticism with so great a master as the bishop of London; but I may without vanity, suppose myself better acquainted with the effects of morning-lights in a mountainous country; and may therefore be allowed to say, that *the morning spread upon the mountains*, is, at least not an incongruous expression.

At Lufs we got into a boat, and rowed to the middle of the lake, where we lay upon our oars to take a view of the scenery around us.

To the north we looked far up the narrow channel of the lake, which we had just seen from the shore. We were now more in the center of the view. But the scene was now shifted. It was more a vista. The mountains shelved beautifully into the water, on both sides; and the bottom of the lake was occupied by Ben-vorlie, which filled it's station with great distinction. On the right, Ben-lomond, the second hill in Scotland, raised it's respectable head. While the waters at their base, were

dark, like a black, transparent mirror. But in this point of view the form of Ben-lomond was rather injured by the regularity of it's line, which consists of three stages of ascent. In general however, this mountain appears finely sloped; and it's surface beautifully broken.

Ben-lomond measures in height between three and four thousand feet from the surface of the lake, extending it's skirts far, and wide into the country. It's lofty sides are subject to various climates; and maintain various inhabitants. The ptarmigan, and other heath-fowls frequent it's upper regions: it's lower are sought, as a favourite haunt, by the roe-buck: while the many irriguous valleys, and sheltered pastures at it's base, tempt the peasants of the country to settle among them.

By this time the early hours of sun-rise had passed away. The *morning spread upon the mountains*—those velvet lights, which we had seen from the Tarbet-road, had now taken a more vivid hue; and the vapours forming a more transparent medium, began to discover through their thinner veil a fine purple tint,
which

which had overspread the tops of the mountains; and is one of the most beautiful of all the hues, that invest those lofty stations. Pouffin is so fond of it, that in general, I think, he throws too much purple into his distances: and the imagination of Virgil could conceive nothing beyond it in the Elyfian fields, where he tells us that a brighter sun spreads it's radiance upon the mountains;

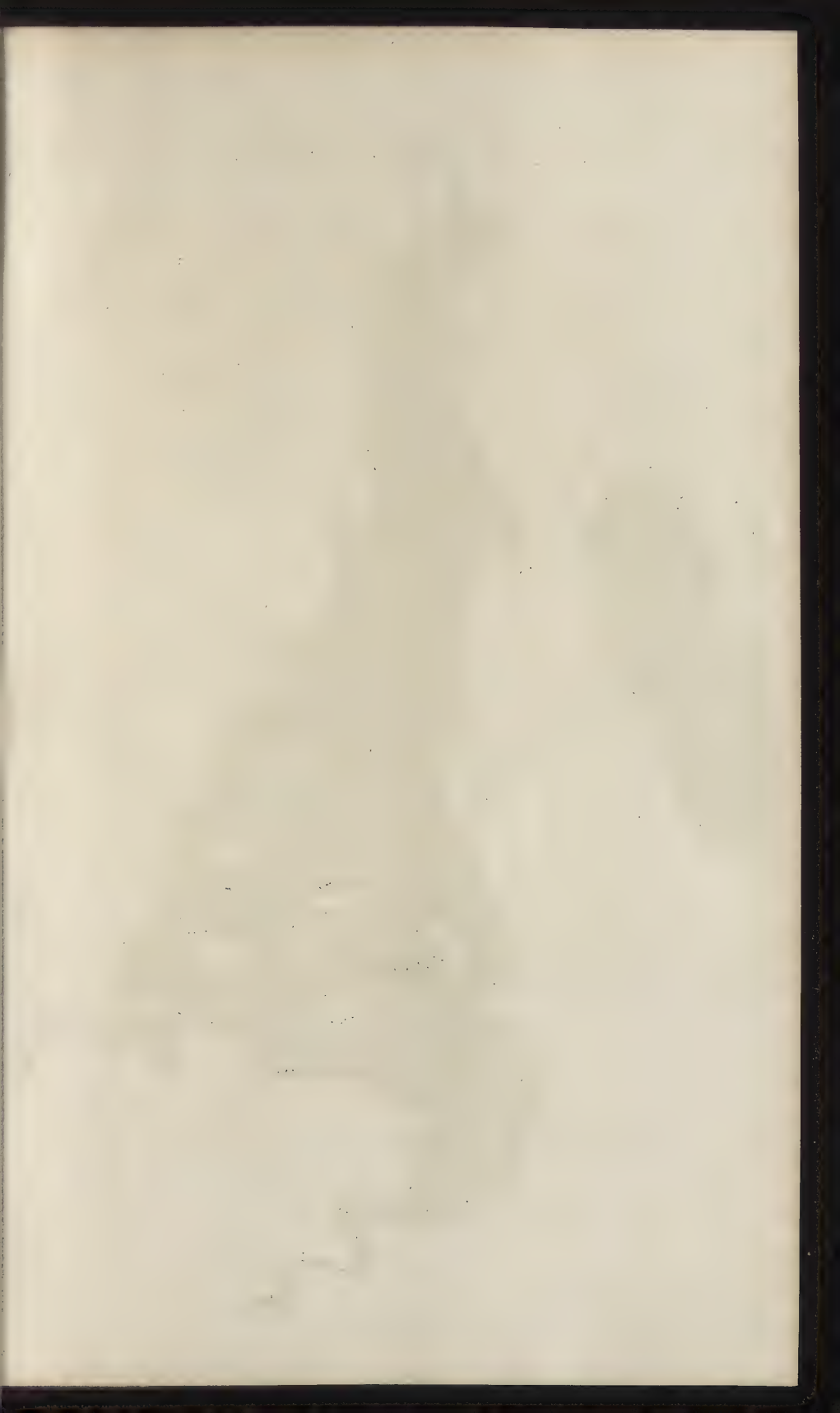
et lumine vestit

Purpureo*

The view to the south has less value in a *picturesque light*. The surface of the lake is broken by a number of islands, which are scattered about it, and prevent all *unity of composition*. It's banks also, in that direction, are tame scenes of pasturage, and cultivation; and the mountains, which screened it's northern regions, are here removed. As we could not therefore admire the southern part of the

* *Purpureus* often signifies, *shining*, or *glowing*; but it is often descriptive of colour also, and signifies *purple*. Thus Horace speaks of *purpurii tyranni*; and Ovid of *purpureus pudor*. And where the term is applied to the colouring of a mountain, I cannot conceive it can mean any thing but *purple*.

lake, as a *picture*, we wished to examine it as a *map*: and for this purpose we looked round for an advantageous point, that might command a fair view of the whole.



LOCH LOMOND.



S E C T. XXIII.

ON the western side of the lake, is an island, called Devannoc; which rises at one end into a lofty hill. To this island we steered; and mooring our bark in a creek, we ascended the hill under the conduct of our boatman, who was a very intelligent guide. The ascent cost us a full half-hour; and we thought it somewhat extraordinary to find a hill of such dimensions upon an island in a lake. When we gained the summit we seated ourselves upon a rock cushioned with moss, and heath; and as the day was fine, we had indeed a most amusing view over all the southern division of the lake.

A vast expanse of water, at least ten miles in diameter, lay before the eye, interspersed with various islands of different forms, and dimensions. Among these the little barks,

which navigated the lake, and plied among the several channels, appeared and disappeared by turns; dividing portions of land into islands, which to the eye seemed united.

The island (or *inch* according to the Erse) which lay nearest to us is Ghenaghan. It is an island of considerable extent; being not less than a mile in length. It consists of great variety of high ground; and is every where woody. On the hither side it is indented by a large semicircular bay; which gives it a peculiar appearance.

Beyond Ghenaghan lies Inch-Crune, about half a mile in length; flat, unwooded, and covered chiefly with pasturage.

Inch-Fad lies in the same direction, beyond Crune; and is nearly of the same dimensions; flat also, and unwooded.

To the south, between Crune, and Ghenaghan, lies Moin, one of the largest islands in the lake. It is flat; its shores are much indented; one half of it consists of pasturage, and the other of a peat-moss.

Beyond Inch-Fad, verging towards the eastern side of the lake, lies Inch Calloch, or the *Isle of Nuns*; which is about a mile in length. It consists of high ground, and is
very

very woody; but the eye at so great a distance, could not distinguish the indenting of it's shores. This island, which is regularly inhabited, is in this respect of greater dignity than any other upon the lake. It is remarkable also on another account. The clan of M'greggors, who occupied the mountainous limits on the north of the lake, and were proscribed by an act of parliament, for their thefts and rapine, had among them one very egregious superstition, which was to lay their bones in this island, where still appear the remains of a holy-house. Accordingly they have all been buried here from time immemorial; presuming, no doubt, (as men, in all ages, seem from sacrifices, or other rites, to have had some idea of atonement) that the sanctity of the ground would deprecate the guilt of their lives.

There is another reason however given for burying in islands; which is practised also in other parts of Scotland. When the country abounded with wolves, it is said, these animals would often attack church-yards; against which the people guarded by insular graves. Thus a practice founded in necessity, might have been continued through superstition.

To

To the southward of M'greggor's isle, lie Grange, and Torremach, each of which islands is about half a mile in length: both are woody, but Torremach consists of higher ground.

In the same direction, lies the island of Merin, the largest upon the lake; being two Scotch miles in length, which are nearly equal to three of English measure. It's breadth also is proportionable, measuring above a mile from one side to the other. This island, which is very woody, and consists of high, irregular ground, is converted into a park, by the duke of Montrose. The keeper, and his family, are the only inhabitants, which it contains. Formerly this island was a place of more note, and was dignified with a noble mansion, built by the duke of Lenox.

On the other side of M'greggor's island, towards the north, lies Inch-Lonac, formed in the shape of a crescent; with some wood upon it, but more heath. This also is a considerable island; being near two miles in length. It is the property of Sir James Colquhoun, who has turned it into a deer-park. —Commodious as these situations seem for deer, a good paling is a better fence than a lake,

lake, however deep. Often a herd, banding together, will venture through this vast expanse of waters, in quest of better pasturage: and it is one of the most laborious parts of the keeper's employment, to pursue the emigrants, and drive them home.

In an opposite direction lies Inch-Galbrith. This island the osprey-eagle inhabits, in preference to any other on the lake: but for what particular advantages, the naturalist is ignorant. From his residence here he sends out his rapacious colonies. Fish is his prey: but nature hath neither given him the power to swim, nor the art to dive. She has furnished him however with powers, equally destructive. With a keen eye he hovers over the lake; and seeing from a great height, some inadvertent fish near the surface, he darts rapidly upon it; and plunging his talons, and breast, if need be, into the water, keeps his pinions aloof in the air, undipped; on the strength of which he springs upwards with his prey, tho it is sometimes very bulky. The osprey differs little from the sea-eagle; only he is more, what is commonly termed, a *fresh-water pirate*.

Besides these larger islands, there are others of smaller dimensions; which are too numerous
for

for particular notice. In any other place they would make a figure; but here we consider them only as garnish to the rest. We counted eighteen islands distinctly lying before us; but we were told there are not fewer than thirty scattered over the lake; three of which have churches upon them, tho, I believe, now in ruins.

One of these islands is observed alternately to sink, and rise. This is a common story among lakes; and the mystery of it generally is, that the water, tho it's apparent form is rarely altered, is yet sometimes so high, as to cover an island, which happens to be very flat. I have heard however well attested stories of islands, in some lakes, that really rise and sink. This may possibly be owing to fungous earth dilated by vegetation, and detaching itself by it's lightness from the bottom. As it's vegetation ceases, and it becomes of course more compressed, and more saturated with water, it loses it's buoyancy, and sinks. The fact I believe is unquestioned; but I will not pretend to say, that this solution accounts sufficiently for it.

Besides this, there is another kind of floating island, which hath been sometimes seen
upon

upon this lake, and hath confounded the eye of travellers ; and that is a sort of raft, which the inhabitants used to make of a considerable size, fastening the shafts of several pines together, and covering them with earth, and clods. These rafts were useful on many occasions. I believe they are not now in use ; as boats are much more manageable, and commodious. But in elder times, the raft was the first species of lake-navigation. On it the inhabitants used to transport their cattle, hay, or any other bulky commodity, from one part of the lake to another. But the raft was principally of use in times of alarm. When an adverse clan was laying waste the country, some poor highlander would ship his family, and moveables on board a raft ; and running under the lee of an island, would attach himself to it. His raft at a distance would appear a part of the island itself, and lie concealed. In the mean time he would rear a low hut of boughs, and heath, against the oak, to which he was moored ; and would eat his oaten bread, the only provision he carried with him, and drink of the lake, till a time of security gave him liberty to return.

We

We were assured however, that in a part of the country, where we had lately been, in the road between Killin and Tindrum, there is a lake, where a real floating island, which never sinks, continues always shifting about the lake. We did not see it; but we were told, it is formed of the matted roots of a particular kind of weed. It's surface, which is now about forty-five yards in circumference, is supposed rather to increase. If you bore it, in three or four feet you come at water. Sometimes, as it rests near the shore, the wild cattle are tempted into it by a little fresh grass. But it is a dangerous bait. If the wind shift, they may be carried off into unknown regions, from all their kindred and acquaintance; or as their provision is scanty, if the voyage prove long, they may suffer greatly by hunger.

Islands of this kind were perhaps more common in ancient times. The younger Pliny at least gives us an account of several, which he had seen dancing about the Vadimonian lake, in a very extraordinary manner. *Interdum junctæ, copulatæque, et continenti similes sunt. Interdum discordantibus ventis digeruntur. Nonnunquam destitutæ tranquillitate singulæ fluitant.*

*fluitant. Sæpe minores majoribus, velut cymbolæ
onerariæ, adherescunt. Sæpe inter se majores,
minoresque quasi cursum, certamenque desumunt.
Rursus omnes in eundem locum appulsæ*.*

Besides the islands in Loch-Lomond, there are many peninsulas, which run into it, and add greatly to the variety of the scene. Of these, the most remarkable is that, on which Sir James Colquhoun has his residence. His seat, and plantations were a great ornament to our view.

The country immediately beyond the islands, appeared flat, and the mountains were too far removed to be of any picturesque use from the hill of Devannoc, where we stood. Among other objects of distance, a strange form attracted our notice. It was something like a house, only infinitely bigger, than any house, at that distance could possibly appear. Upon enquiry we found it was the rock, on which the castle of Dunbarton stands. Our expectation was of course greatly raised, to see an object on the spot, which had excited our curiosity so much at a distance.

* Plin. Epist. lib. viii. ep. 20.

S E C T. XXIV,

HIGH places, and extended views have ever been propitious to the excursions of imagination. As we surveyed the scene before us, which was an amusing, but unpeopled surface, it was natural to consider it under the idea of population.

If commerce and wealth are the great means of improving the human mind, by communicating knowledge—freeing it from prejudice—giving it a more liberal turn—encouraging letters—and introducing arts; they as certainly at a riper period, introduce corruption, and become the handmaids of vice. How happy then would it be to drop them at this critical period; to arrest the precise time, when they have done their utmost to enlighten mankind, and then discard them. But it would be as

VOL. II. D easy

easy to arrest the course of the river. Human affairs, like the plants of the field, flourish only to decay: they are longer lived indeed; but the hope of preserving them in a state of perfection, would be the futile hope of immortalizing mortality.

In a reverie however we may conceive the happiness of a few philosophical friends, retiring from the follies of life to such a scene as this; and settling themselves in the several islands, that are scattered about the lake before us. Their happiness would consist in the refined pleasures of intercourse, and solitude. The visionary does not consider the many economical difficulties and inconveniences of a plan. All these things are below his notice. He enjoys in idea the pleasure of a refined, and virtuous society. He feasts on the agreeable expectation that would arise at the sight of a sail making to his little retreat, which he would know was fraught with wit—or classic elegance—or the refinements of taste—or philosophy—or the charms of an unaffected piety. The contents of the cargo would be known at a distance from the direction, in which the vessel came.—Nor would the hours of solitude pass with less
delight.

delight. However pleasing the charms of converse, each member of this virtuous, and happy society, would still be his own best companion. He who wants resources within himself, can never find happiness abroad.

Among the amusements of this happy people, it would not be the least to improve their little territories into scenes of simplicity, and beauty—academic groves, Elysian fields;

Where they, whom wisdom, and whom nature charm,
Stealing themselves from the degenerate croud,
May sooth the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.

Even the dreariness of winter would not want its enjoyments. Winter is the reign of domestic pleasures; and if the storms of the lake forbid the adventitious intercourse of agreeable society, they would at least remove the impertinent interruptions of what was not so. The intrusions of a tattling world would be totally excluded: while books, and elegant amusements, would be a sovereign antidote against the howling of winds, and the beating of waves.—But enough of these idle reveries, which belong not to terrestrial things.

When we descended the rocky hill, from which we had these amusing views, we surveyed the whole island of Devannoc. It seems to be one of the most beautiful on the lake; and admirably adapted to be the seat of some capital mansion in such a scene, as we have just imagined. It cannot be less than two English miles in length; and tho at the northern end it is woody, rough, and even mountainous, as we have seen; its southern end affords both corn and pasturage. We observed however but one solitary farm upon the whole place.

Embarking again we spent some hours in rowing among that clump of islands, which lie nearest the eye; and in looking into their little creeks, and bays; tho we did not land on any of them. Standing then for the shore, we met our horses about five miles below the place, where we at first embarked.

Loch-lomond was never known to freeze. Partially indeed it has been sometimes frozen at the southern end; but never in any degree, since the memory of man, except in the year 1740. But the northern part, which runs
up

up among the mountains, was never known at any time to receive even the slightest impression from the frost.

The southern part of Loch-Lomond is much frequented by salmon; tho in general this fish is not fond of lakes. But the case is this. The river Leven forms the chief exit of the lake; and communicates with the sea. In a direction nearly opposite to the Leven, the river Ennery enters the lake. Of this river the salmon is particularly fond; and entering by the Leven, he traverses the lake on purpose to proceed up the Ennery. By what instinct he knows that he shall find the stream he delights in, across so vast an expanse of waters, let the naturalist say. Do the waters of the Ennery run pure through the lake to the Leven? Or does the old salmon, which hath once found the way, discover it to the shoal? Or, shall we confess our ignorance; and suppose them guided by some instinct, which we cannot comprehend?

It is remarkable, that at the beginning of November, 1755, when the city of Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, this lake

was exceedingly agitated. The day was perfectly calm, and it's surface still, when it's waters arose suddenly many feet in large swells, and overflowed a considerable district. Then in a moment or two retiring, they sank as much below their usual mark. Their next flow, and ebb were less than the former; but still very great: and thus they continued rising, and sinking for several hours; till the fluctuation gradually subsiding, the waters at length settled within their common bounds. A boat, which was thrown upon dry land, was found by mensuration, to be forty yards from it's station in the lake: and in some places, where the land was low, the waters rushed away, and overflowed the country for a considerable extent. Similar remarks were made at that time on other lakes.

Since the year in which these observations were written, an agitation in Loch-Tay was still more remarkable than this in Loch-lomond; because no earthquake, nor any other probable cause could be assigned for it. It happened on Sunday the 12th of September 1784. That day, and the preceding day, as in the former case, were calm; and the waters of the lake of course perfectly still; when, about nine o'clock in the morning, a strange agitation

tation was observed in that part of the lake, which spreads into a bay, before the village of Kenmore*. Great part of it is shallow: but a little before it unites with the body of the lake, it becomes very deep. In this bay the agitation was first observed: the water retired several yards within it's usual boundary; and, as it did in Loch-lomond, immediately flowed back again; continuing to ebb, and flow in the same manner, three or four times, during the space of a quarter of an hour—when suddenly the waters rushed from the east, and west with great violence, and meeting in the place, where the shallow waters and the deep unite, arose in the form of a great wave, in appearance at least five feet high; leaving all the shores of the bay dry for the space of an hundred yards, as nearly as could be conjectured. The meeting of the two currents made a clashing sound: but the force of that from the Kenmore-side overpowering the other, carried the wave westward. It continued decreasing, as it proceeded; and in about five minutes disappeared. How

* See a description of Loch-Tay, vol. I. p. 153.

great the force of the water was on the Kenmore-side, tho collected only from the shallow part, appeared from it's overflowing it's natural boundary, as the waves subsided, several yards, notwithstanding the chief part of the current went the other way. After this violent agitation, the water did not recover it's tranquillity for some time. It continued ebbing and flowing, but with less and less force, at the interval of seven or eight minutes, during the space of at least two hours, after the subsiding of the great wave.

While the waters of the lake were thus agitated, the river Tay, which issues from the lake at Kenmore, ran backwards into it with so much force, as to leave it's shores and in some parts, it's channel, quite dry. It was curious to see the weeds, which grow at the bottom, and are smoothed by the stream, flowing over them; all bristling up, and pointing in a contrary direction.

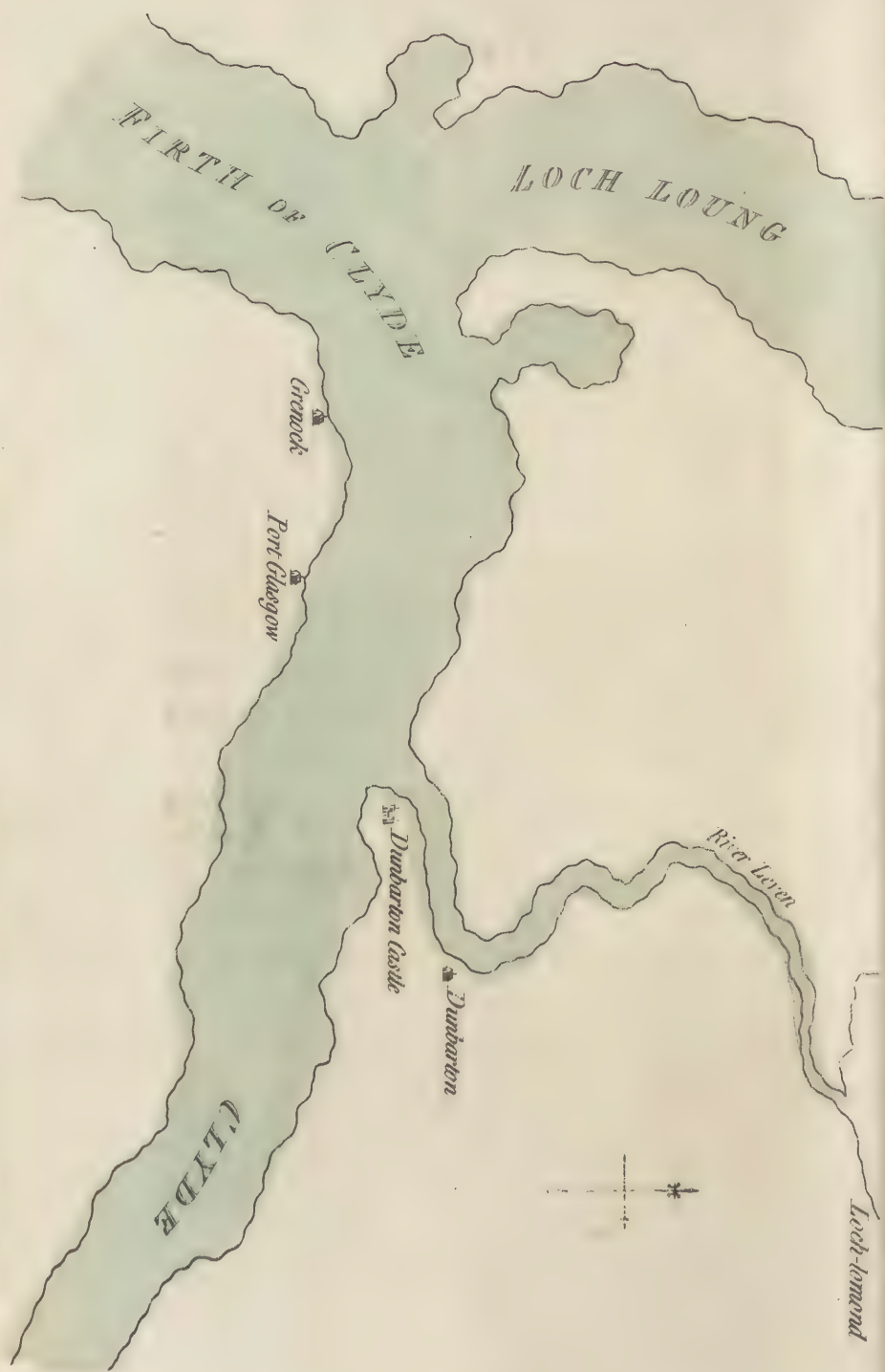
On the day after this violent agitation of Loch-Tay, and on the four following days, the waters were disturbed again in the same manner, and about the same time; but in a much less degree: nor did those commotions intirely cease for a full month afterwards;
but

but they became very irregular, sometimes appearing in the morning, and sometimes in the evening. The 15th of october was the last day, on which any disturbance was observed on the lake*.

* This account is taken from a letter written by the rev. Mr. Fleming, minister of Kenmore, to the rev. Mr. Playfair, and by him communicated to the royal society at Edinburgh, december 6th, 1784, in whose journals it is published.







S E C T. XXV.

FROM the scenes of Loch-lomond we made the best of our way to Dunbarton. The lake bore us company on the left, during most of the road, appearing and disappearing, by turns, among the woods, which shade it's banks. The country is level, cultivated, and adorned with gentlemen's feats. Near the road stands a pillar erected to the memory of the late Dr. Smollet.

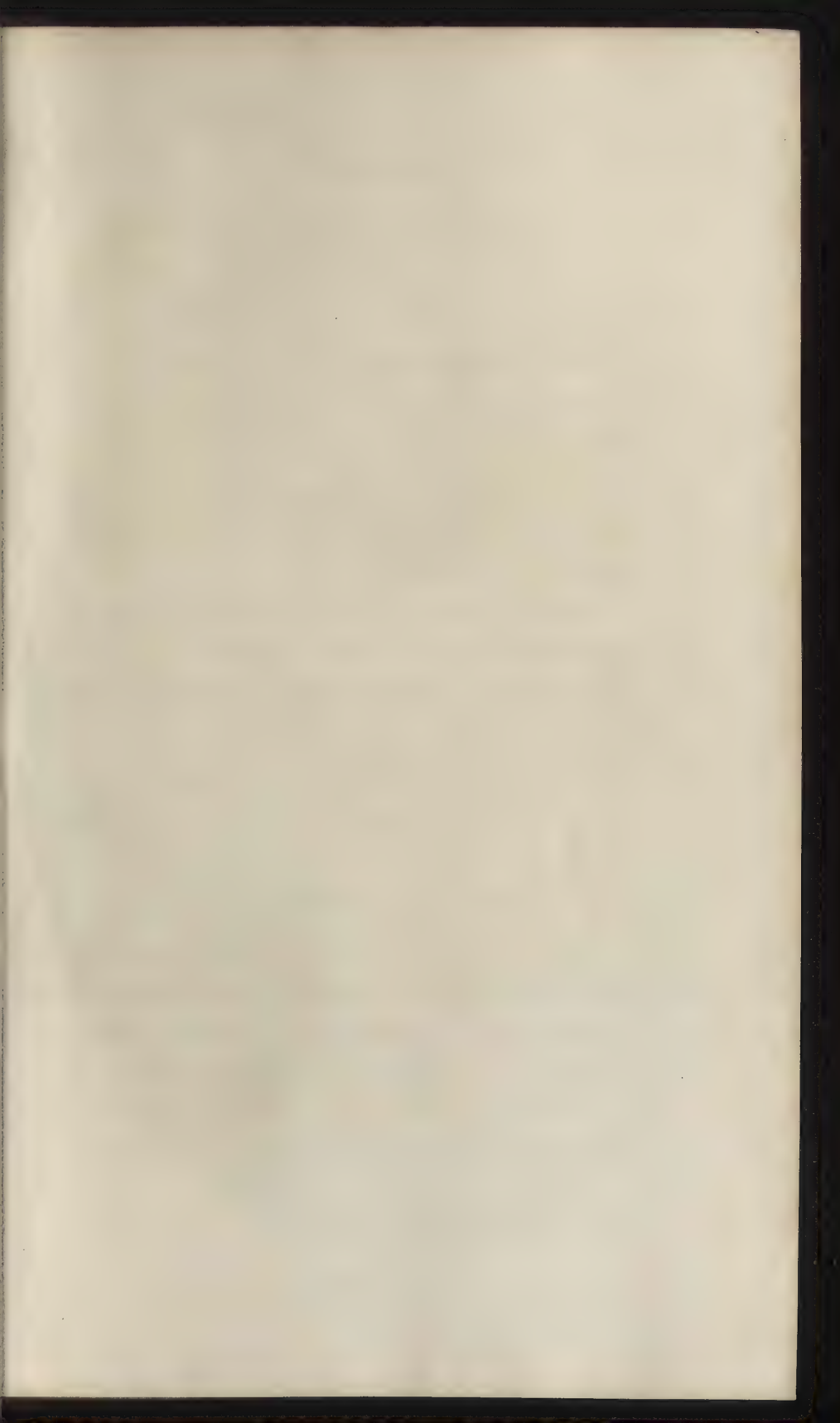
The principal object, during our ride along the banks of Loch-lomond, is Dunbarton-castle, which still maintains that uncommon form, which it first exhibited. You begin now to distinguish it plainly into two parts, one of which appears like a vast tent. This appearance continues some time; but as we approach nearer, certain prominences, which have a castle-like form, indicate the whole to be a mass of fortified rock.

A still nearer approach gives more distinctness of course to its enormous features. One of its summits appears now higher, and more pointed than the other; and is adorned with a solitary watch-tower. The broader summit is occupied by the principal part of the castle: and a wall, flanked with towers, fortifies the cleft between them. This whole grand object comes in as a second distance; and the Clyde, screened by mountains, completes the picture, by forming a third.

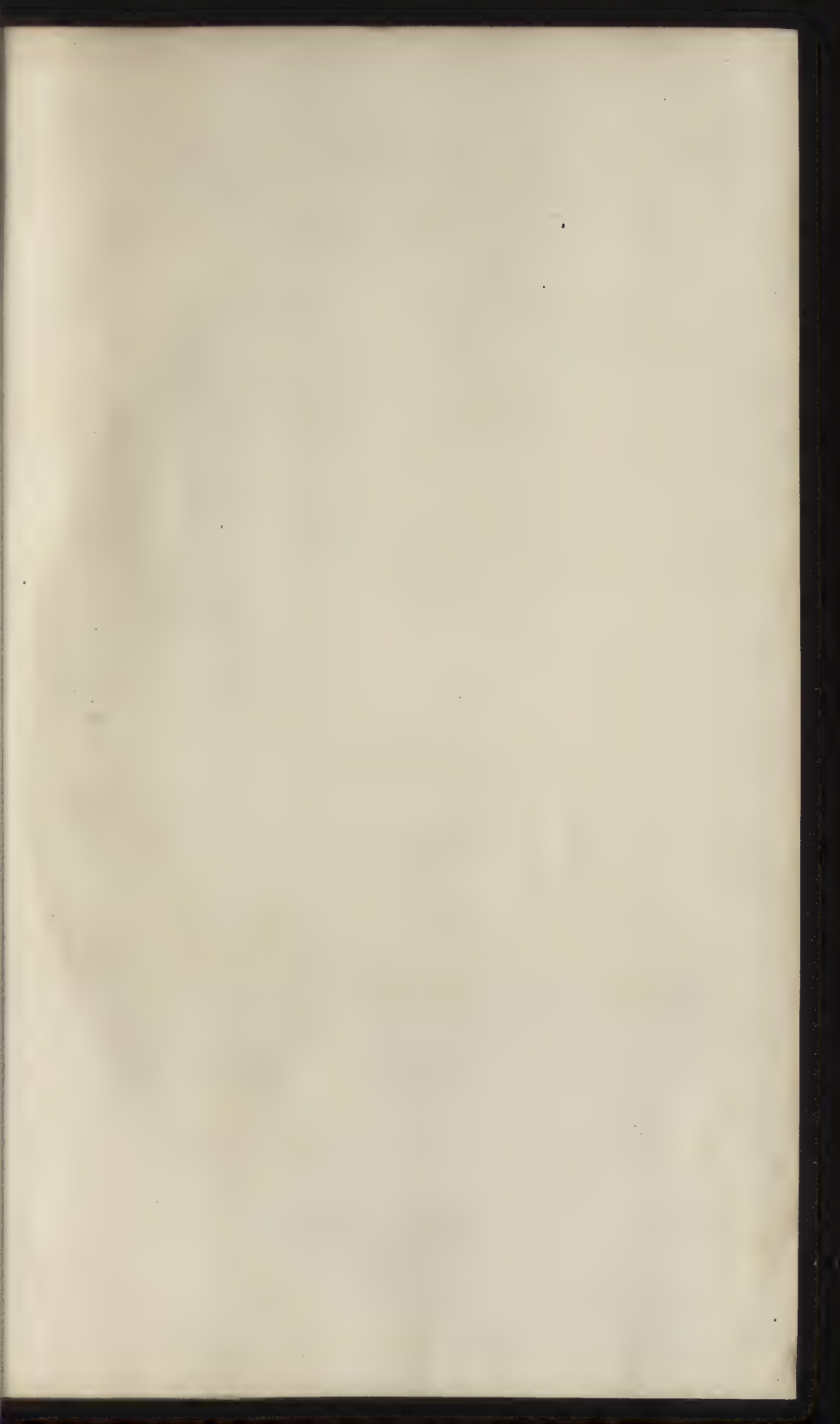
When we arrive upon the spot, the situation of Dunbarton castle appears indeed surprising. A vast rock, steep on every side, rising out of a plain, and unconnected with any high ground for the space of a mile, is one of those exhibitions, which nature rarely presents. It is almost surrounded on the north, the west, and the south, by the Leven, and the Clyde; which latter is here a grand estuary. On the east lies a morass.

Such a rock as this, is as uncommon at land, as it is common at sea. When the tides of the ocean, gaining upon some continent, force their way through a promontory, and wash away the soil from the insulated part; if it consist only of soil, it presently disappears.

But









But if there be any solid stratum of stone within, that stratum, when the soil is washed away, becomes a rock. It is covered with sea-weed, the only herbage the ocean produces, which is the sport of the waves. Virgil has given us the idea with great strength of expression.

Spumea circum
Saxa fremunt; laterique illisa refunditur æga.

The pencil could not give the idea so precise. The pencil gives only *form* and *colour*: Virgil's description gives *motion*.

Numberless are the natural ruins of this kind, which the tides of the ocean are continually forming in every part of the globe. But such a land-rock as this before us, bare and insulated like the rocks of the shore, is a wonderful appearance. It is contrary to nature's whole process in forming rocks, as far as we are acquainted with her works. Her rocks are generally in some degree similar to the country, in which they are found. The rock, on which the castle and city of Edinburgh stand, it is true, is of very peculiar construction: yet it does not there so much surprize us. Nature has been in that spot busily employed in making rocks. She has
raised

raised them all round the town in various forms; and if she threw one out of her hands, amidst the variety of her operations, a little uncommonly shaped, it is not much to be wondered at. But an immense rock starting up on the level banks of the Clyde, and on the edge of a morass, where there is not only nothing similar to it, but a face of country highly dissimilar, is among those productions of which the globe of the earth does not afford frequent instances.

The form of this grand fortress, on a near inspection, is very picturesque. Such also is the contrast between the two summits. The craggy sides of the rock are finely broken; and the buildings upon it, tho' not in themselves beautiful, have at least a good effect, and give it consequence.

We were curious to see the contents of this uncommon fortress: and entering a gate at the bottom, we ascended through a cleft of the rock. Two hundred and eighty steps, hewn out of the solid stone, landed us upon the first story. From hence we clambered the rock to view the works upon the broader summit: to the other we never attempted to ascend: the path is frightful.

The

The square tower, which we see at the division between the summits, was once the residence of Wallace, whose patriotic actions we have seen recorded in so many parts of the country.

The texture of this rock, we were told, is of so impenetrable a nature; as to baffle the effects of gunpowder. Boring has often been attempted: but the keenest instrument of the auger-kind cannot touch it. Buchanan indeed tells us, that *Saxum illud est prædurum, ut vix ullis ferramentis superabile; e quo si quid vel vi effringitur, vel ruinis collabitur, sulphureum late odorem expirat.* This shews the labour of hewing two hundred and eighty steps out of it.

The upper regions of the rock are profusely covered with the *lychen geographicus*; which is one of the most beautiful of all vegetable incrustations. I doubt not, but these plants of the lichen kind, tho they do not in appearance rise above the surface of the stone, have their peculiar soils, barren as we may esteem them, as well as oaks, or elms. One loves a free-stone—another a purbeck; and the species before us, I am persuaded from many situations in which I have seen it,
flourishes

flourishes best on the hardest rock. So beautiful are the incrustations of the geographic species, that if I had had time to trifle, I could have amused myself with endeavouring to trace the several countries of Europe among their various forms. I found a strong resemblance of the outlines of Great Britain.

In the body of the rock is a reservoir of water, collected from springs, which affords a sufficient supply for any garrison, which the castle can admit.

From the batteries we had many very amusing views. We had one up the Clyde, towards Glasgow; in which that river, now a grand estuary, forms two or three ample sweeps. Dunglas-castle is seated on a neck of land, shooting into it. Beyond the Clyde appears a rich distant country; adorned with several seats, among which Lord Semple's is conspicuous. The town of Glasgow, we were told, might be seen in a clear day: but when we were at Dunbarton, the weather was hazy.

From an opposite part we looked down the Clyde, where it expands into a vast sheet of water, occupying almost the whole of the distance. It's opening to the sea is intercepted by

by a double range of mountains, which mark the channel of Loch-loung. Into this lake the Clyde enters nearly at right angles. Between the hither-mountains, you see the strait, through which it passes: and under those on the left, lie the towns of Grenoc, and Port-Glasgow; both of which are distinctly seen.

Between these two grand views upon the Clyde, we had a third towards the mountains of Loch-lomond, which appeared clustering around Ben-lomond, in formidable array. The intervening country is varied by the windings of the Leven.

All these views would receive additional beauty from the peculiar circumstances of tides, storms, shipping, haziness, and lights. We should have wished also to have seen the castle opposed to a setting sun. The fractured sides of this noble rock, would have received uncommon beauty from such a light. But we had not the pleasure of seeing it under this, or any other circumstance of peculiar grandeur. It was an object however, which was able to support its dignity, without any adventitious aids.

Sallust gives us a picture very like Dunbarton castle, in the following description of

a Numidian fortrefs: *Haud longè a flumine Molucha, erat inter cæteram planitiem mons saxeus, mediocri castello, immensum editus, uno perangusto aditu relicto: nam omnia natura, velut opere, atque consulto, præceps.*

Buchanan's description of Dunbarton, runs thus: *A confluyente Glottæ, et Levini fluminum, planicies, circiter mille passuum, ad proximorum montium radices extenditur. In ipso autem angulo, ubi amnes commiscuntur, rupes biceps attollitur. Inter duo cornua, quod in septemtriones versum est latus gradus habet, per obliquam rupem, hominum industria, et magno labore excisos, per quos vix singulis est aditus.*

So exact a similitude appears between these two descriptions, that if we only reciprocally change the names of Numidia and Scotland, Molucha and Clyde, either description will serve for either scene.

To these two descriptions I could add a third, which Cæsar gives us of Alicia in Gaul. *Opidum erat in colle summo, admodum edito loco; ut, nisi obsidione, expugnari non posse videretur: cujus collis radices duo, duabus ex partibus flumina subleebant. Ante opidum planities circiter millia passuum tria in longitudinem patebat.*

For-

Fortresses of this kind are always highly esteemed in the momentous periods of enterprize. Sallust's fortress has a great event annexed to it in the time of Marius; and Dunbarton has as remarkable a one in the times of Mary.

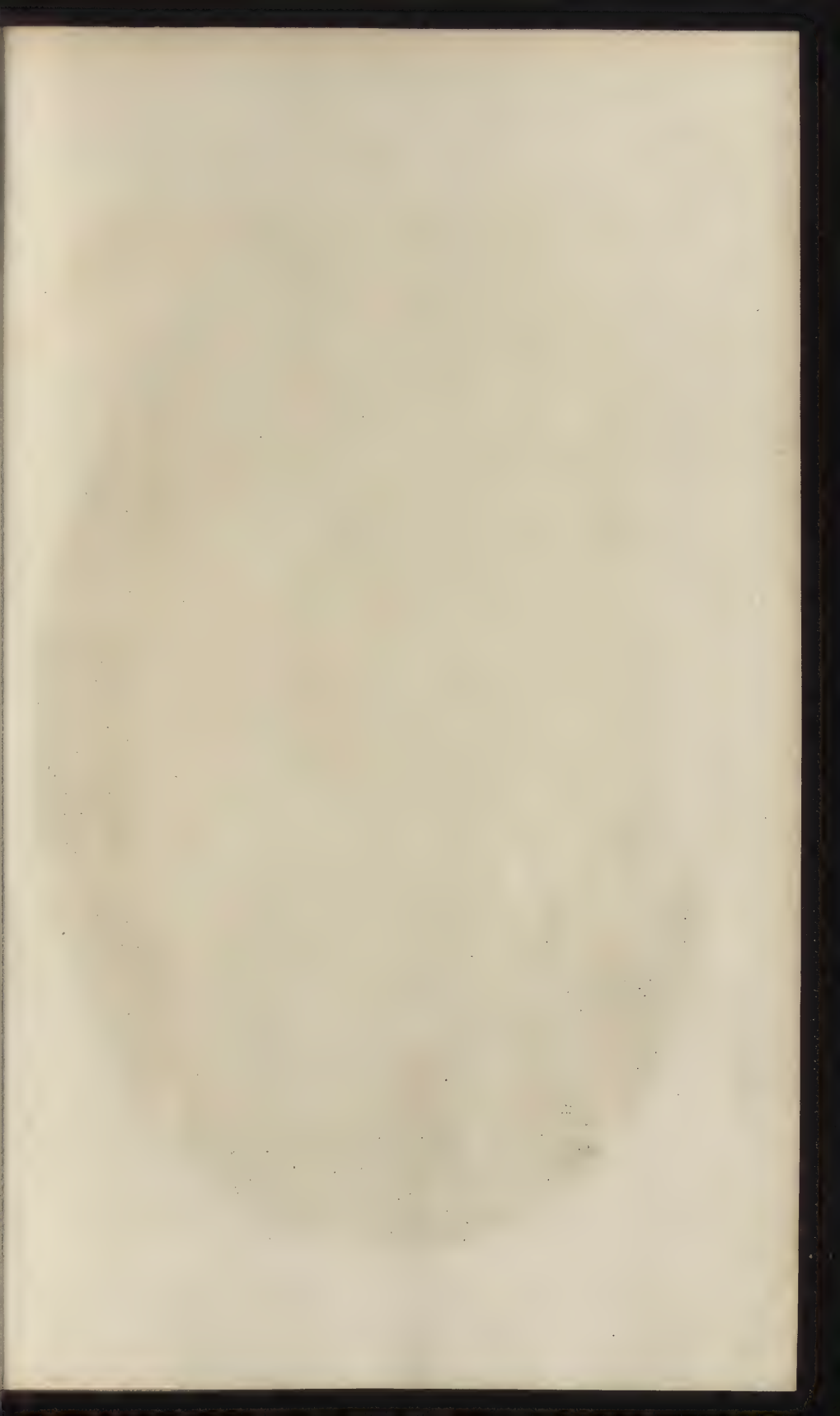
It was at that period of disorder, when Mary was imprisoned in England, and all her kingdom was rent from her, that Dunbarton-castle alone acknowledged her dominion. But tho' single in her cause, it's consequence was such, that Fleming, the governor, would boast, " He held the fetters " of Scotland." A trifling accident humbled his pride. Having punished the wife of a common soldier in the garrison for theft, the husband, an uxorious man, persuaded of her innocence, and burning with revenge, deserted to the regent, and promised to make him master of the fortress. The man appeared confident, sensible, and resolute; his story simple, consistent, and plausible. In short, the military men about the regent, thinking the attempt worth hazarding, provided ladders and other necessaries, and began their march from Glasgow on the evening of the last day of march.

Buchanan indulging the imagination of a poet, tells the story with many embellishments. A simple narrative tells it best.

It was about midnight when the troops arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was just setting, and a mist from the water, had overspread the upper regions of the castle; which the officers considered as a fortunate circumstance; the men, as a lucky omen.

The attempt was made at a part of the rock, where their guide assured them they should find two good landings. Their first operation was unsuccessful. A ladder, which had been placed in confusion, gave way; and tho nobody was hurt, yet they feared an alarm. Listening a moment; and finding all still, they proceeded again; and placing their ladders with more caution, many of the troops attained the first landing. Here the stump of an ash tree, firmly interwoven with the rock, was of great service to them. They tied cords around it; and while some were employed in drawing up their companions to the first landing, others made use of the ladders in scaling the second.

On one of the ladders happened an odd circumstance. A man, in the middle of the
the





ascent, was seized with convulsions. To stop was dangerous; to throw him down, inhuman. Necessity quickens invention. They bound him tight to the ladder; and turning it round, ascended over his breast. The whole party arriving thus by degrees at the second landing, they found the only obstruction now left, was a wall; which was yet of such height as to require a third application of the ladders. The day was dawning—they had not a moment to lose—with redoubled dispatch they made this last push.

Then first three drowsy centinels took the alarm: but many of the assailants being now upon the wall, which was lower within, they leapt down at once, followed by the rest. The centinels were dispatched: “God and the King,” was echoed, with loud shouts on all sides: the security of the garrison was instantly changed into confusion; and the castle was taken without striking a blow.

The town of Dunbarton lies about a mile from the rock. It is an inconsiderable place; and delayed us only for refreshment. From hence we proceeded to Glasgow.



S E C T. XXVI.

AS we leave Dunbarton the castle-rock in retrospect loses it's double-top; and takes rather a heavy form.

Dunglas-castle is the next object we meet. It appears to stand upon a peninsula, which runs into the Clyde; and, being adorned with a back ground of mountains, makes a good picture.

The road to Glasgow continues, for many miles, along the banks of the Clyde; which is still a grand estuary, and covered with shipping of various forms. The country is well cultivated; but tho woody, it is not picturesque. The Clyde seldom forms a winding bay. It's banks are generally parallel.

Glasgow is a beautiful town; and contains a great number of elegant houses. If they were a little more connected, the high street, which is ample in it's dimensions, would in

all respects be noble. The separation of the houses, no doubt, hath it's conveniences: but so many breaks injure the perspective. The great church is a vast pile; but we saw nothing very pleasing in it's structure; and it accords ill with the modern splendor of the city.

Here we were told of a small Gothic chapel at Paisley, within a few miles of Glasgow, which is remarkable for a very surprising eccho. The flap of a door is converted into a peal of thunder; and a melodious air, losing all idea of earthly music, becomes an enchanted strain.

From Glasgow to Hamilton, the road is bare of objects. The only one of consequence is Bothwell-castle; of which we have a very ordinary view on the right. It appears to stand on a flat; and is discovered only by two or three detached parts, which scarce appear above the trees, that surround it: whereas in fact it is seated on an eminence, and overlooks the Clyde. From this side I have seen two or three good drawings of it's ruined towers. Bothwell-castle, in the time
of

of Edward the first, was the residence of the English governor. It afterwards belonged to a man the most notoriously marked of any, in the annals of Scotland, for the audacity, and splendour of his crimes.

Hamilton-house, which we soon approached, disappointed us, both in prospect, and on the spot. It had the appearance of one of the most disagreeable places we saw in Scotland—heavy, awkward, and gloomy. From its form indeed, nothing beautiful could result. It is a centre, with two very deep wings tacked to it, at right angles. Nor did we see any thing in the situation that was pleasing.

The awkwardness of the house indeed was an original error, which could not be corrected, without rebuilding: but I am informed, the park, the approach to the house, and the whole scenery around it, are intirely altered, and improved, since these observations were made. Two winding rivers, the Clyde, and the Avon, flow through the park; of which proper advantage is taken. There is also much greater variety of ground about it, than could have been supposed, before the incumbrances

branches were removed. Advantage also has been taken of some clumps of very fine old oaks, which grow in the park; and which greatly adorn the banks of the Avon. To these many new plantations have been added, which are in a very thriving condition. In short, tho Hamilton does not enjoy that grandeur of situation, which we admire at Hope-ton-house, and Inverary; yet as a park-scene, I am informed, it is now become superior in richness, and picturesque beauty, to any thing of the kind in Scotland. The internal part of the house too has been greatly improved. The hall particularly, which was a gloomy, and disagreeable entrance; is now, I am told, an elegant room, decorated in a grand, yet simple style.

The dukes of Hamilton seem to have been copious collectors of pictures; of which there is great profusion in every room. In general, one should not say much for the taste, with which these collections have been made. A few are very good. In the gallery hang two or three excellent portraits by Vandyck, among which the earl of Denbigh is a master-piece. He is dressed in a red-silk jacket, and holds a gun in his hand. His hair is short, and
grey;

grey; and he looks up with a countenance so full of nature, and character, that you are amazed the power of colours can express life so strongly. This picture is by some attributed to Rubens.—In a closet hangs a small female profile by Vandyck, which is equal to any picture I have seen, by that pleasing master.

But the glory of Hamilton, is Daniel in the lion's den, by Rubens. It would perhaps be doing more than justice to it's merit, to rank it above the most capital pictures by this master in England; two or three of those especially in the possession of the duke of Marlborough; and that celebrated one of Simon's supper, at Houghton-hall*: but without entering into any invidious comparison, it is certainly a noble work.

The prophet is represented sitting naked in the middle of a cave, surrounded by lions. An opening at the top, through which he had been let down, affords light to the picture. In his face appears ineffable expression. Often do we hear the parading critic, in a gallery of pictures, displaying the mixed pas-

* Now sent to Russia.

sions where they never existed. For myself indeed, I cannot see how two passions can exist together in the same face. When one takes possession of the features, the other is excluded.—But if the mixed passions ever did exist any where, they exist here. At least from the justness of the representation, you are so intirely interested in the action, that the imagination is apt to run before the eye; and fancy a thousand emotions, both of hope, and fear, which may not really exist. The former appears the ruling passion; but a cold, damp sweat hangs evidently on the cheek, the effect of conflict. The whole head indeed is a matchless piece of art. Nor is the figure inferior. The hands are clasped: agony appears in every muscle, and in the whole contracted form. And indeed so far, I think, we may admit the mixt passions: one passion may take possession of the face; and another of the limbs. We may allow, for instance, a mother to clasp her infant in her arms, with all the tenderness of love; while her features are marked with terror at the soldier, who strikes it with his sword. In the same way, we may here allow the hands to be clasped in agony; while hope alone is seated

in the face. In a word, nothing can be more strongly conceived, more thoroughly understood, more delightfully coloured, or more delicately touched, than this whole figure. I should not indeed scruple to call it the noblest specimen I have ever seen, of the art of Rubens. It is all over glowing with beauties, without one defect. At least, it had no defect, which I was able to discover.

But altho the principal figure (on which I dwell, because it is so very capital) exceeded my expectation; yet the whole of the picture, I must own, fell beneath it.

The composition is good. The lions, of which there are six, with two lionesses, are well disposed; and stand round the prophet with that indifference, which seems to have arisen from a satiety of food. One is yawning, another stretching, and a third lying down. An artist of inferior judgment, would have made them baying at the prophet, and withheld by the Almighty from devouring him, as a butcher restrains his dog by a cord. The only fault I observed in the composition arises from the shape of the picture. The painter should have allowed himself more height;

height; which would have removed the opening at the top to a greater distance; and have given a more dismal aspect to the inside of the den. At present the opening is rather paltry. This has induced some judges to suppose, what does not seem improbable, that the picture was not originally painted on one great plan; but that the painter having pleased himself with the figure of Daniel, added the appendages afterwards.

But the great deficiency of this picture is in the distribution of light. No design could possibly be adapted to receive a better effect of it. As the light enters through a confined channel at the top, it naturally forms a *mass* in one part of the cave, which might *gradually fade away*. This is the very idea of *effect*. The shape of the mass will be formed by the objects that receive it; and if bad, they must be assisted by the artist's judgment. Of all this Rubens was aware; but he has not taken the full advantage, which the circumstances of his design allowed. A grand light falls beautifully upon his principal figure, but it does not graduate sufficiently into the distant parts of the cave. The lions partake of it too much. Whereas,
 had

had it been more sparingly thrown upon them; and only in some prominent parts, the effect would have been better; and the grandeur, and horror of the scene, more striking. Terrible heads standing out of the canvas, their bodies in obscurity, would have been noble imagery; and have left the imagination room to fancy unpictured horrors. That painter does the most, who gives the greatest scope to the imagination; and those are the most sublime objects, which are seen in glimpses, as it were—mere corruscations—half viewless forms—and terrific tendencies to shape, which mock investigation. The mind startled into attention, summons all her powers, dilates her capacity, and from a baffled effort to comprehend what exceeds the limits of her embrace, shrinks back on herself with a kind of wild astonishment, and severe delight. Thus Virgil describing the Gods, who, enveloped in smoke, and darkness, beat down the foundations of Troy, gives us in three words, *apparent diræ facies*, more horrid imagery, than if he had described Jupiter, Juno, and Pallas, in a laboured detail, with all their celestial panoply. For when the mind can so far master an image, as to reduce it within
a distinct

a distinct outline ; it may remain grand, but it ceases to be sublime, if I may venture to suggest a distinction*. It then comes within the cognizance of judgment, an austere, cold faculty ; whose analytic process carrying light into every part, leaves no dark recesses for the terror of *things without a name*.

Rubens in managing his lions, has erred against these precepts. He has injudiciously shewn too much. Besides, a little more shadow would have concealed his ignorance in leonine anatomy : for it must be confessed, the lions are not only very slovenly painted†, (which, capital as they are, should not have been the case,) but in many parts they are very ill drawn. The lioness, in particular, on the right, instead of the gaunt, leonine form, has the roundness of a coach-horse. Some of the heads, at the same time, are

* This distinction, I think, is just ; but for want of a sufficient variety of terms, we are obliged often to use the words—*grand*, and *sublime*, as synonymous.

† I have been informed, that this appearance of a *slovenly manner*, is owing only to the bad light, in which the picture hangs ; but that in fact the lions are painted in a very high-finished style. I can speak only as the picture appeared to me. It certainly hangs in a bad light.

admirable.—I have dwelt the longer on this picture, not only as it is in itself a very noble one; but as it is esteemed the first picture in Scotland.

About a mile from Hamilton-house stands an appendage of it, called Chatelherault, the name of certain ancient possessions, which the Hamilton family enjoyed formerly in France. It is a sumptuous pile; but contains the odd assemblage of a banquetting-house, and a dog-kennel. It stands on a rising ground near the Avon; the banks of which river form a deep, woody dell behind it; open in many parts, and in general wider, and of larger dimensions, than these recesses are commonly found. Frequent as they are in mountainous countries, and rarely as they are marked with any *striking, or peculiar* features; yet they are always varied, and always pleasing. Their sequestered paths; the ideas of solitude, which they convey; the rivulets, which either sound, or murmur through them; their interwoven woods; and frequent openings, either to the country, or to some little pleasing spot within themselves, form together such an assemblage

of soothing ingredients, that they have always a wonderful effect on the imagination. I must add, that I do not remember ever meeting with a scene of the kind, which pleased me more than the wild river views about Chatelherault.

S E C T. XXVII.

IN our way to Drumlanrig, which was the next place we proposed to visit, we passed over vast wastes, and barren tracts; the same kind of country we had met with on our entrance into Scotland. But the beauty of the scene was greatly altered. We had then grand mountains, which, tho void of furniture, formed pleasing lines, and contrasts. Here every picturesque idea was blotted out: and yet the countries were nearly the same. A mere accident made all the difference. We saw one in sunshine, and the other in rain. A dismal hue was not only thrown over the country; but the eye that surveyed it, was put out of humour; and in a habit, if I may so speak, of taking offence at every thing.

From the rising grounds, a little to the right from the road, was pointed out to us Eliock-house. We saw it through the rain, or at least were made to believe we saw it, seated on an eminence, and bosomed in wood.

The most remarkable circumstance of this house, is, that it was formerly in the possession of Robert Crichton, the father of the celebrated James Crichton, who is represented as one of the most singular characters of his own, or of any other times.

His history is thus told. He was bred at the university of St. Andrew's, where his improvements ran before his instructors. By the time he had attained his twentieth year, he could speak, and write, correctly, either in prose, or in verse, ten different languages. Hebrew and Arabic were two of them. He was perfectly acquainted also with the whole circle of the sciences, as far as they were then taught.

His accomplishments were equal to his acquirements. Nobody danced so well as Mr. Crichton. Nobody sung so agreeably. He could join the concert with any instrument,
that

that happened to be vacant. Exercises of every kind he performed with superior excellency. In the field he rode with uncommon grace; and he handled arms of every kind with surprising skill. So that it was difficult to say, whether in the active or sedentary line, he was the more wonderful man.

Thus furnished at home, he travelled abroad for farther improvement. He went to Paris—to Rome—to Venice—to Mantua. But in none of these universities he received any acquisition of knowledge. He had already made every thing his own. Admiration at his skill in arts, in sciences, and arms was all he acquired. In the mean time, he was a companion for all sorts of people. He could be serious, or he could be gay. He could reason with the philosopher; talk with the man of business; or trifle with the ladies: and they who were no judges of his parts, and learning, admired the qualities of his heart, the elegance of his manners; and the beauty of his person. In a word, he acquired in all places the title of the *admirable Crichton*, and under this name he is handed down to posterity.

To say the truth, a relation of this kind calls for strong vouchers. In the history of mankind, no other such instance occurs. The accounts we have of Alcibiades, sir Philip Sydney, and the chevalier Baynard, follow far behind. In versatility of genius, in learning, acquirements, and accomplishments, Crichton far outstripped them all. We should require strong proof to believe, that the human figure, in any instance, ever attained the height of eighteen, or twenty feet. We require equal proof to believe so enormous a growth of the human mind. A paper, which Mr. Pen-
nant has given us in his Scotch journal, bears the only appearance I know of any authentic evidence for the wonderful accounts we have of this singular man. From that paper this slight sketch of him is taken. The reader may there see his life, and actions at large; and the authority on which the account rests.

The sequel of the story of Crichton, is, that as he was walking, at the time of a carnival, in the streets of Mantua, singing, and playing carelessly on his guitar, he was attacked by six people in masks, and treacherously slain, after he had gallantly defended himself against them all, and beaten off the attack.

In

In the dreary regions, in which we now travelled, we met the Clyde wandering about in a very low condition. It is here much nearer it's fountain-head; and carries no prognostics about it of that glory, which it afterwards assumes at Dunbarton.

But tho it cannot produce here that expanse of water, which it displays on it's approach to the ocean; yet it has water enough to assume a character of magnificence in another style. Near this place it happens to meet with a variety of grand accompaniments—rocks—woods—and hilly grounds; which it turns to great advantage in forming among them many noble falls. But from our not being apprized of this scenery, we were not so fortunate as to see it: tho it would have carried us very little out of the common road. I had an opportunity however of asking several questions about it; and received very intelligent answers; from which, and my acquaintance with the subject in general, I am enabled to give such an idea of it, as may excite the curiosity of others to profit more from the intelligence, than we were able to do.

These falls are to be found at a place called Cory-Lin, near Lanerk. From a lofty seat in a gentleman's garden, we were informed, the first of them is seen to most advantage. You look over the tufted tops of trees; and see the river beyond them precipitating itself from rock to rock, a considerable way, rather pouring along (as we understood) through an abrupt slope, than down a perpendicular descent. The two cheeks are rugged precipices; adorned with broken rocks. On the edge of one of these cheeks stands a solitary tower. A path, if you choose to follow it, leads to the top of the fall; where from a projecting rock (which in high floods is severed from the continent,) you have a tremendous view down the furious cataract, as it pours below the eye. You may carry your curiosity yet farther; and by walking half a mile, may see the still more celebrated fall of Boniton, and two or three more, I believe, beyond it. In idea, all this scenery is grand, and picturesque. The imagination with such materials may make noble pictures. And indeed I suppose the whole is in itself admirable. It is *art* commonly, and not *nature*, that disappoints us.

In

In our travels through Scotland I have mentioned many scenes, which were ennobled by being called the retreats of Wallace. This was one. Among these wild rocks, and in the tower, that adorns them, we were told, he lurked, during a period of distress. These traditional anecdotes, whether true, or fabled, add grandeur to a scene: and the variety of these hiding places, which the Scotts have every where provided for Wallace in his misfortunes, shew at least their gratitude and affection for one of the noblest heroes, which their own, or any other country hath produced.

The hills, among which we now travelled, are supposed to abound with lead; tho many projectors have suffered by seeking it. A celebrated schemer * purchased lately a large estate in this country, at an advanced price, with a view to work it; but his enterprize either miscarried, or was never executed.

* Sir George Colebrooke, who made this purchase of the earl of Selkirk.

It fared better, a few years ago, with another projector, at Lead-hill, a little to the right. This gentleman, whose name was Lothian, had long fought ore in vain. Many a time in despair he resolved to desist: but his workmen raised his spirits with fresh hopes. The rock was just cut through, which had occasioned so much delay; or the soil was manifestly marked with the signs of ore; or springs were found, which had the undoubted mineral tinge. Thus deluded by false hopes, he went on, till ruin stared him in the face.

At this crisis of his fortunes, a boy, who wrought in the mine, came secretly to him, and told him, he was deceived by his workmen; and that a vein of ore had been discovered, and secreted. Tho the boy was unacquainted with the depth of the roguery, Lothian easily guessed it. These knaves were first to ruin him, and then to take the works themselves, at an under-rate.—The difficulty was, how to profit by the information, without discovering the informer: for the boy declared with tears, that he should be murdered, if the thing were known. Lothian bade him fear nothing; and ordered him to saunter about the place, where the vein was discovered, at such an hour
the

the next morning. " At that time, said he, I shall enter the mine; and seeing you idle, shall pretend to be very angry; when you in a passion may throw down your tool as near as possible to the place, where the vein was found." The scheme was as well executed, as contrived. Lothian finding the boy in a place where he seemed to have no business, rated him roundly for his idleness; and receiving an insolent answer (which, among ill-paid workmen, was not uncommon) struck him two or three times: upon which the boy with great address counterfeiting a passion, threw his tool out of his hand, and said, he would work for him no longer. Lothian marked the spot with unobserved attention; and giving him two or three more blows for his insolence, and bidding him go about his business, went on himself among the other workmen; asking his usual string of questions, and receiving his usual string of answers. At length, he took up a tool; and beginning carelessly to pick about the chambers of the mine, in various places, came by degrees to the spot he had marked, where picking a little about the surface, he seemed surprized; and calling some of the men, he asked them,

if

if they did not think there were plain indications of ore? The men were of a different opinion, and assured him, that such appearances were very common; and not in any degree to be trusted. Lothian however still continued picking about, and told the men, he could not be satisfied, unless they took their tools, and went a little deeper. With some reluctance, as being taken from work of more importance, the men complied. But they had not occasion to go deep. A very few strokes convinced all who were present, not only that there was ore; but that the vein was uncommonly rich. The honest workmen, joining in the farce, asked each other with astonishment, How they could possibly work so near the place, without discovering it? In short, there was a universal joy, on all sides, on having found at length, what they had so long sought in vain.

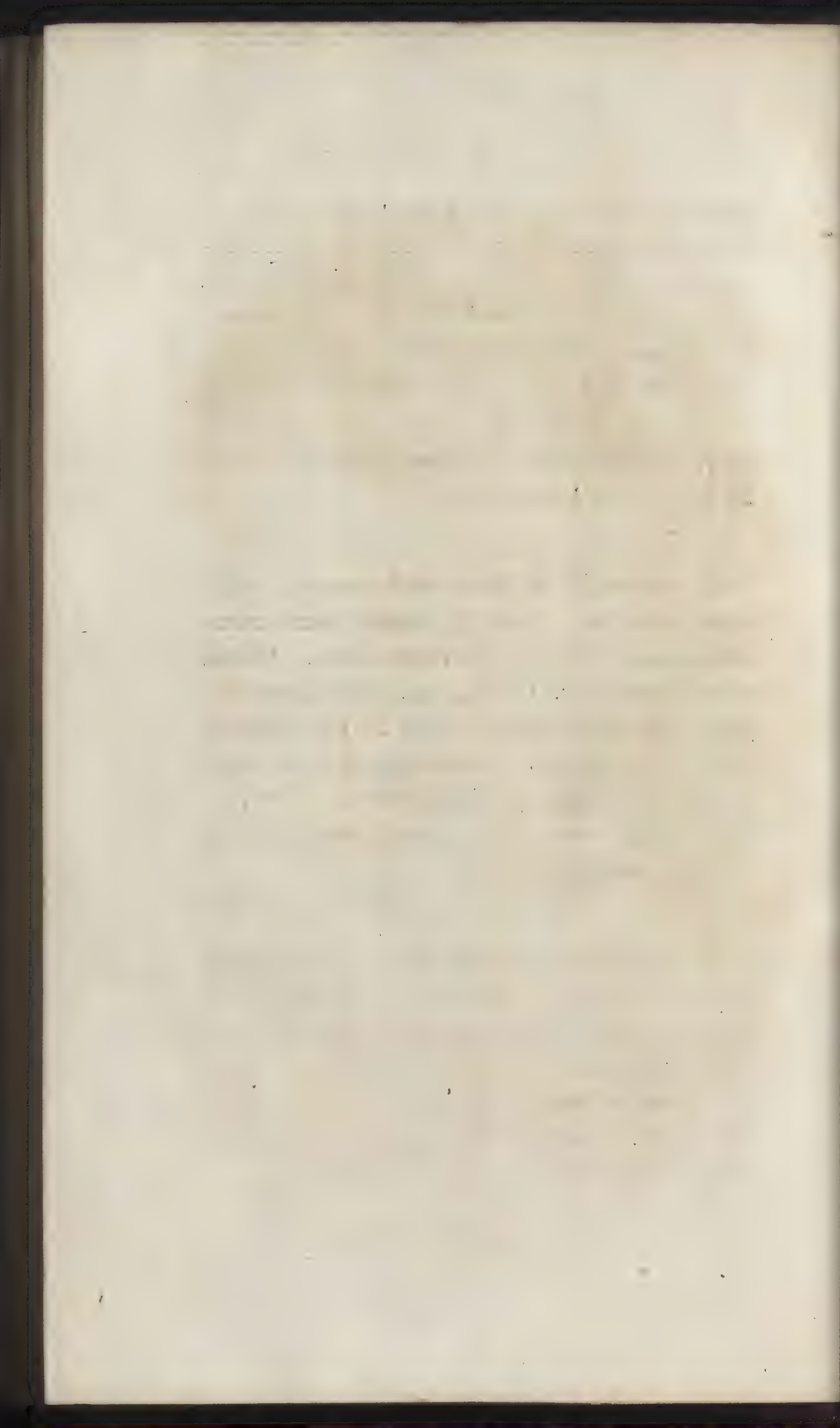
The mines here, as in all mineral countries, are destructive of health. You see an infirm frame, and squalid looks in most of the inhabitants. And yet among the miners of Lead-hill, within these six years, a man of the name Taylor, attained the age of one
hundred

hundred and thirty-two years, and as we were informed, with the perfect use of all his faculties. He wrought at his profession, as a miner, till he was one hundred and twelve. In the mean time as if, with patriarchal precision, he had foreseen the extent of his days, he did not marry till he was sixty years of age, and left behind him nine children; whom he lived to see provided for.

In the midst of this wild country, night came upon us. But it's shades were unaccompanied with any picturesque ideas. Often, when mountains, forests, and other grand objects, float before the eye, their sweeping forms, clad in the shades of evening, have a wonderful effect upon the imagination. But here the objects were neither grand, nor amusing. All was one general blot.

As we approached Drumlanrig, the country appeared greatly to improve in beauty. The forms of trees swept past us; and we were often carried along the sides of dells, and heard the sound of waters, through the stillness of the night. Such objects beguiled the hours, which began now to verge on midnight.

SECT.







S E C T. XVI.

OUR inn was about a mile from Queensberry-house, which we visited early the next morning. Its appearance, as we approach it, is magnificent. It is a turritted square; seated among woods, and screened by woody hills.

When we arrived on the spot, it still maintained its magnificence, tho there is little beauty in the architecture. It was begun immediately after the civil wars of Charles the first, and partakes of the unsettled condition of the times. Arts were beginning to flourish: but the animosity of chiefs still subsisted; and the laws were yet too feeble to repress it. The house seems therefore to have been formed on a plan neither of civil, nor of military architecture; but between both; tho beauty (such as it is) seems to have been more attended to, than defence. It

occu-

occupies the four sides of a square; and it's turrit walls being very lofty, the area within, excluded from sun and wind, becomes a mere reservoir for unwholesome damp; which it communicates abundantly to the whole house.

—The chambers have no magnificence; and we observed scarce a single picture to engage the eye; tho there is a gallery, above an hundred feet long, which is full of pictures.

But if there are few ornaments of this kind, there is no deficiency of other ornaments both within the house, and without; among which the *Heart*, the ensign armorial of the house of Douglas, appears every where in great profusion. In England perhaps the history of the *Heart* is little known; but in Scotland every body has heraldry enough to know, that it was given to the Douglas family, in honour of Sir James Douglas, who was employed to carry the heart of Robert Bruce into Palestine, there to be interred under the altar of the holy chapel at Jerusalem. But it is generally imagined, this precious deposit never got there. It was inclosed in a golden urn; and hung round Sir James's neck, who took shipping, accompanied by two hundred knights. As the vessel was
failing

sailing near the coast of Spain, Sir James had intelligence, that king Alphonso was just on the eve of a battle with the Moors. The Douglasses always loved fighting; and Sir James could not forego his inclination to this favourite amusement. He landed therefore with his companions—went to the royal pavilion, and offered his services to the king; which were graciously accepted. The battle began; and among all the heroes, that engaged, none distinguished himself like the knight with the golden urn. It unfortunately however happened, that as he ventured too far, he was slain, and despoiled of king Robert's heart. But before the battle ended, both it, and the dead body of Douglas were recovered by the bravery of the Spanish troops, and sent back into Scotland. The body was buried in the burying-place of the family near Douglas-castle, where Sir James's effigy still remains; and the heart is said to have been deposited in the abbey of Melross.

But if the house at Drumlanrig afforded us little amusement, the situation of it made amends. It stands on a rising ground, on

the side of a vast sweeping hill, surrounded by mountains, at the distance of two or three miles. This is one of the grand situations, which a mountainous country affords; and it is often as beautiful, as it is grand: but it's beauty depends upon the elegant lines, which the surrounding mountains form; upon their recesses; their ornaments; their rugged surface; their variety, and contrast. It depends also upon the contents of the area within the mountains; it's hills; it's broken grounds; it's woods, rivers, and lakes.—
Here the mountain-skreens, in themselves, have no peculiar beauty: but the circular vale, which they environ, and in which the house stands, is so broken, by intervening hills; so adorned with rivers, and varied with wood, that many of it's scenes are beautiful, and the whole greatly diversified.

A situation however of this kind, circumscribed by hills, which keep the eye within bounds, must always want one of the greatest beauties of nature—an *extensive distance*. Nor will any species of landscape fully compensate the deficiency. We may have the tinted hill, the middle distance, and the rough foreground, where the sun

Turns,

Turns, with the splendor of his precious ray,
The meagre, cloddy earth to glittering gold.

But still we want

————— the charms of laughing vales,
Rocks, streams, and sweeping woods, and antique fanes,
Loft in a wild horizon. —————

The more confined landscape would suit very well a mansion less than superb : but such a mansion, as Queensberry-house, tho its situation is good, would stand yet to more advantage, if it commanded a country.

The garden front of Queensberry-house opens on a very delightful piece of scenery. The ground falls from it, near a quarter of a mile, in a steep, sloping lawn ; which at the bottom is received by a river ; and beyond that rises a lofty, woody bank. All these objects are in the grandest style, except the river ; which, tho not large, is by no means inconsiderable.

It is amazing what contrivance has been used to deform all this beauty. The descent from the house has a substratum of solid rock, which has been cut into three or four terraces ; at an immense expence. The art of blasting rocks by gunpowder was not in use, when

this great work was undertaken. It was all performed by manual labour; and men now alive remember hearing their fathers say, that a workman, after employing a whole summer-day with his pick-ax; could carry off in his apron all the stone he had chipped from the rock.—How much less expensive is it, in general, to *improve* the face of nature, than to *deform* it! In improving we *gently follow*: in deforming, we *violently oppose*. The duke of Queensberry of that day, who carried on these works, seems himself to have been aware of his own folly. He bundled up all the accounts together; and inscribed them, as I have been informed, with a grievous curse on any of his posterity, who should ever look into them.

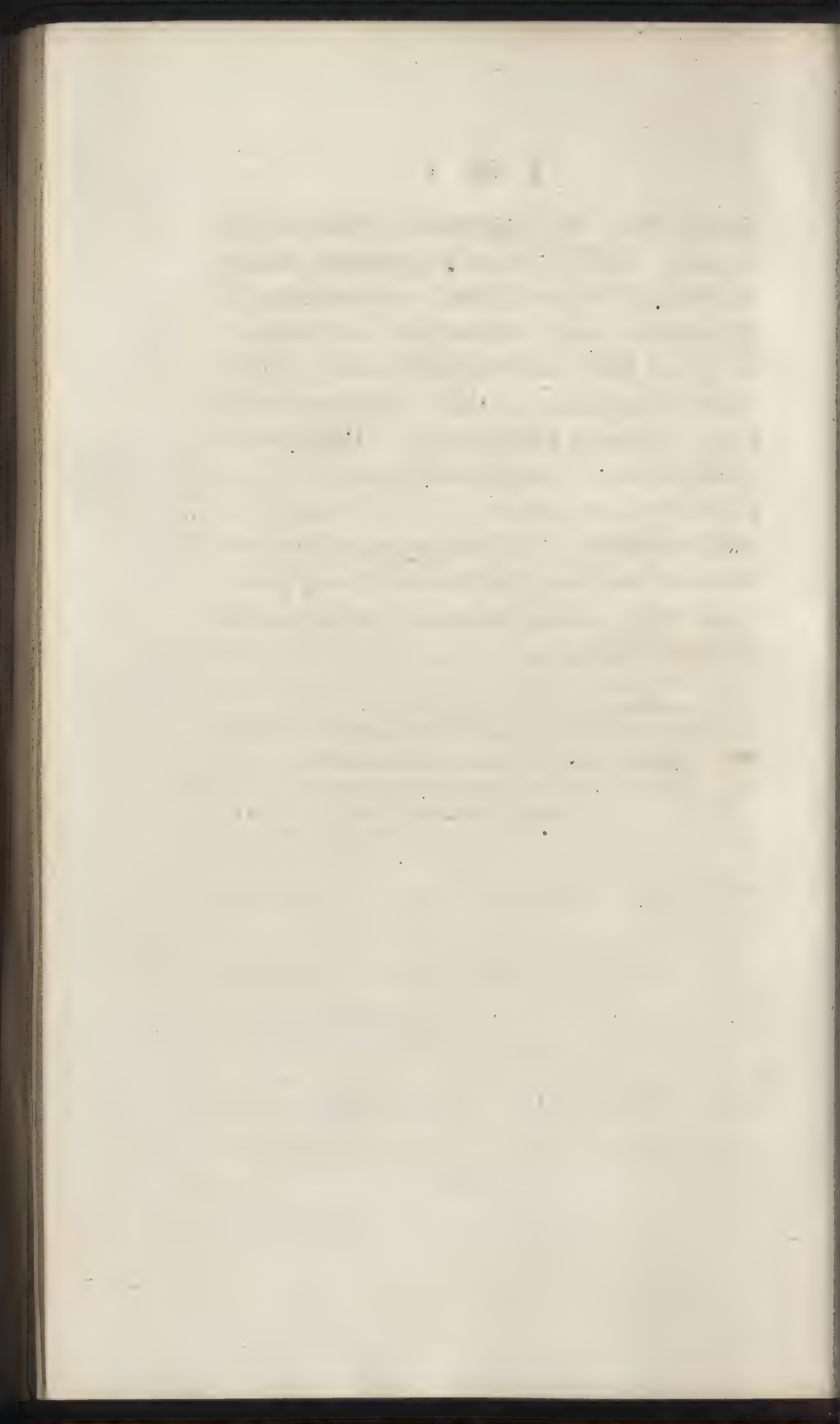
The rough hand employed in these scenes, having dispatched the slope, proceeded next to the river. All it's winding simplicity, it's rocky channel, it's woody furniture, and fringed banks, were destroyed at once; and formed, by making a *bead*, into an oblong canal.

The grand wooded bank beyond the river still remained an object for improvement. At a great expence a little stream was conducted

ducted from the neighbouring hills to it's summit. There a most magnificent cascade, constructed of hewn stone, and consisting of innumerable steps, received it; and conducted it in state into the canal.—So vile a waste of expence, as this whole scene exhibits, we rarely meet with. Deformity is spread so wide through every part of it, that it now exceeds the art of man to restore it again to nature. The indignation of the poet seems to have been levelled at this very place; where after various instances of false taste, he at length speaks of

———deformities of hardest cure.

The terrace mound uplifted; the long line
Deep delved of flat canal; and all that toil,
Mised by tasteless fashion, could atchieve
To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.



S E C T. XXIX.

ALL the environs however of Queensberry-house, are not of this formal cast. Very near it runs the rapid river Nith, winding between high, sloping, woody banks. It's channel is a continued bed of rock; and the water, in passing through, suffers a thousand obstructions. The scene is of that kind we found at Chatelherault; which tho frequent in mountainous countries, is always varied, and always pleasing.—Along one of the woody sides of this sweet dell the duchess of Queensberry's taste has conducted a simple walk, which winds beautifully, and at every turn commands some part of the rocky river below. There is a great profusion of wood all round the duke of Queensberry's house;

and in these scenes particularly it flourishes both in abundance and in perfection*.

In one of his parks, we were informed, the duke had preserved a breed of the old Scottish buffalo, which we were very desirous to see. Our conductor told us, they might probably be in some distant part of the park; and might with difficulty be found. We determined however to go in quest of them. It was high noon; and the day was sultry: the cattle, it was therefore supposed, might be at that time in a valley, which is spread with a large piece of water. Thither we directed our course; and beneath the shelter of a thick wood we walked at ease.

In less than a mile we came in sight of the water. The banks of the pool (for it had not the dimensions of a lake) were adorned with clumps, and single trees: and on the opposite side, a hanging grove swept down to the water. It was an open grove; and the ground was covered with herbage, as far as the eye could penetrate it's recesses.

* The present duke, I am told, has not been so attentive to the preservation of his timber, as his predecessor. Many of the woody scenes here mentioned, have now lost much of their ornament.

This

This delicious scene the luxurious herd had chosen for their noon-tide retreat ; where we discovered them at a distance, reposing on the other side of the water. Our guide informed us they were rather shy ; and instructed us to walk on without stopping, or paying them any particular attention. We had the pool to walk round ; so that we had them long in view, before we came near them. As we approached, they rose and retired gently into the wood ; but gave us sufficient opportunity to examine them. There were two bulls, and several cows, and some calves. They were milk white, except their noses, ears, and the orbits of their eyes, which were black. Boethius speaks of this breed of cattle, as *boves candidissimos ; in formâ leonis jubam habentes ; cætera mansuetis simillimos* : and Polidore Virgil mentions them nearly in the same language. *Gignit sylva Calydonia boves candidos, instar leonum jubatos ; qui adeo feri sunt, ut domari non possint. Sed quia caro grata palato humano est, ferunt omne penè eorum genus extinctum.*

As to their lion-manes, we saw no such appearance : but indeed we saw them in dishabille, as all cattle are, in their sleek, summer attire.

attire. In winter, their shaggy fur is more picturesque; and it is probable their manes may then be luxuriant. We see a great profusion of mane often in our domestic cattle, at that season; especially when they winter abroad in mountainous countries. I have often observed the remains of it even in the month of June. It is possible also that the degree of domestication, in which these cattle are now placed, may have deprived them gradually of this ornament. But in all other respects, except the mane, the cattle we saw in the duke of Queensberry's park answered very exactly to Boethius's description of the Scottish buffalo—that is, *they very much resembled common cattle*. Their form indeed is somewhat more elegant. They have not that bulk of carcass, nor heaviness, which characterizes the common cow. There is a spirited wildness also in their looks; and when they run, instead of the clumsy cow-gallop, they bound like deer. A herd of them rushing at once over a lawn, makes the forest tremble.

One of the bulls (for the other had not yet attained his growth) was a noble animal. He seemed to be a beast of prodigious strength; but it was an active, rather than a sluggish strength.

strength. His colour was not so white, as the rest of the group. His shoulders and sides had a yellowish tinge; which we thought became him; till our guide informed us, that it was not his natural hue; but that he had been rubbing himself upon some okery ground in the park. This intelligence immediately turned the beauty into a defect. Such is our love for nature, that when we find any thing artificial, which we supposed was natural, we are disgusted; and cannot bring the eye to it again with pleasure. For tho the object in it's artificial disguise, may be *in itself* more beautiful; yet we cannot persuade ourselves, but that nature *undisguised* would be more *uniform*, and of course more pleasing. Thus in the object before us, tho the tinted shoulders of the bull were beautiful; yet when we knew the tint was artificial, the eye immediately revolted; and we conceived, that if it had been removed, we should have seen still greater beauty—the beauty at least of uniformity. Thus too, tho the cheek of a lady, when skilfully painted, may appear more beautiful, while we are ignorant of the artifice; yet when we are assured it is painted, we take offence—either because on closer inspection we

con-

conceive a cheek so glowing, not perfectly in unison with the other features, on which time may have made an impression; or because we conceive the bloom to be a disguise to some defect, which the prying imagination endeavours to see through.

The wild cattle we were examining, are as much in a state of nature, as the boundaries of an extensive park will admit. They are at least subject to no controul. Domestic use of no kind is made of them; and when killed, they are shot, like wild beasts, from trees. For if they should happen only to be wounded, they are dangerous. Otherwise, they molest nobody, who does not molest them: but the cows, if you offer to touch their calves, are fiercer than the bulls.

Naturalists give a uniform colour to all animals in a state of nature; and inform us, that domestication induces variety. In cows we may suppose therefore the original colour to be white, or a tint so near it as to be called white. Æneas found white cattle in Italy; and admiral Anson, in Tinian. Buffon in-

indeed supposes the yellowish dun to be the original colour. But whether white, or yellow be the original colour, it is certain, that white has ever been most in esteem. When a bull, or a heifer, was led up to the altar of the Gods, it was generally white: and when described by the poets as peculiarly beautiful, this hue is always given it. The venerable Apis himself was white.

For myself, with regard to the *picturesque beauty* of white cattle, I should make a distinction. As the *ornament of a scene*, I think no cattle so beautiful. No fight of the kind ever exceeded that of the herd, which gave occasion to these remarks. At the same time, when we consider the bull as a *single object*, a dark colour melting into a lighter, is more picturesque: and of all colours, Buffon's yellowish dun, if the head and shoulders be dark, is the most beautiful.

Among the pleasing scenes of Drumlanrig, one is of so peculiar a nature, that it should never be forgotten. It consists in the uncommon appearance of comfort and happiness,

ness, which reigns every where among the duke's tenants. Contrary to the usual practice of the Scotch nobility, the duke of Queensberry * grants leases of his farms; and has built comfortable houses for his tenants, through his whole estate. Many of them are ranged within sight of his castle, at proper distances along the sides of the hills. If they are not picturesque, they have a much higher species of beauty; and adorn a country more than the most admired monuments of taste. Mr. Maxwell, the duke's steward, who presides over all these improvements, seems to have the interest of the lord, and tenant equally at heart. He talks of the munificence of the one, and of the happiness of the other, with the same pleasure. The Queensberry-estate, he told us, had in nine years, yielded about seventy thousand pounds; out of which sum the duke had only drawn, for his own private use, as he was attached to his seat at Amesbury, about thirty thousand pounds. All the rest was spent in the country, on works of charity, gene-

* The duke of Queensberry, here spoken of, was the last duke.





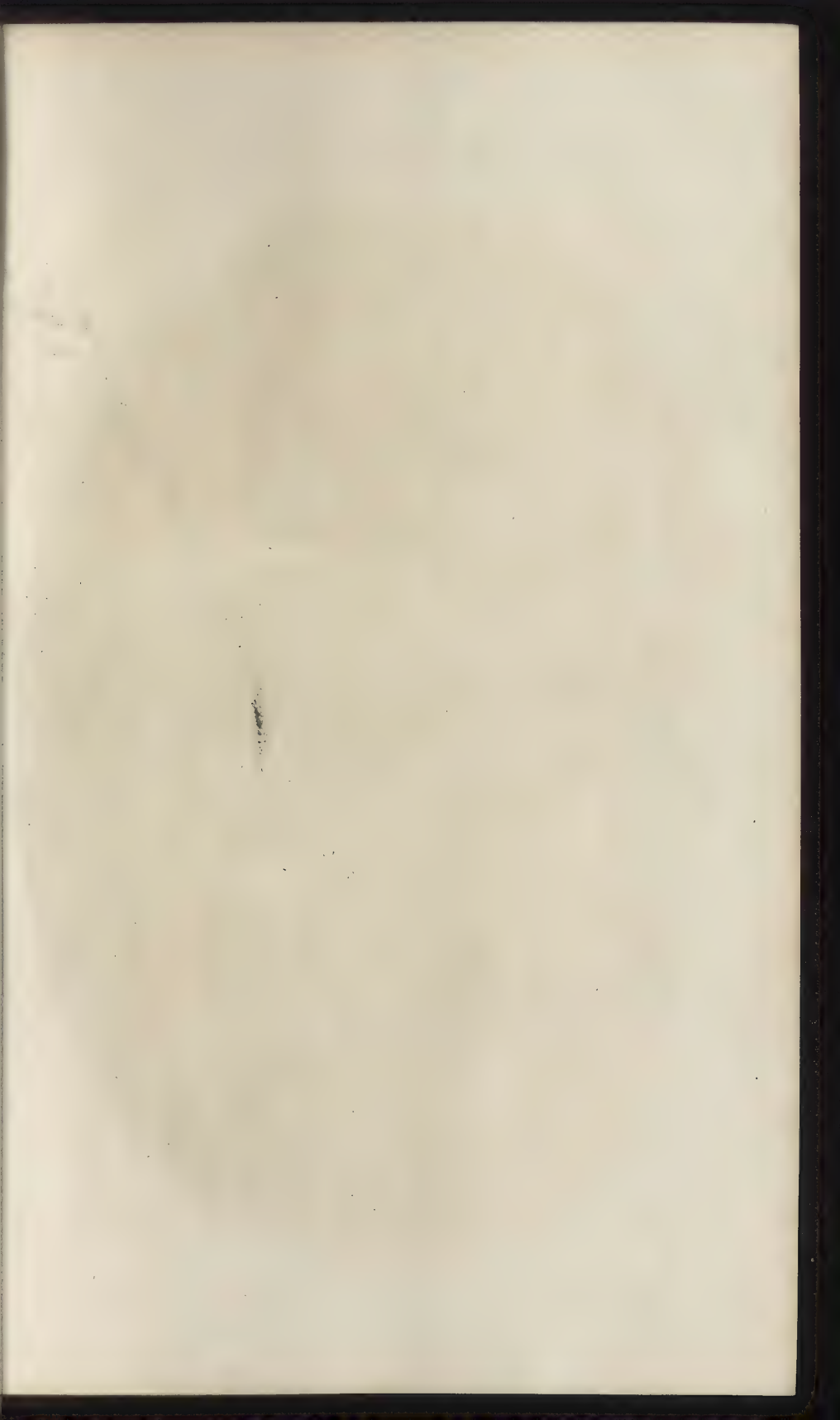
rosity, improvement, or of public utility. Among the latter he had lately expended a large sum upon a noble road; which winds some miles down the side of a mountain, not far from his castle. We had reason to bless his bounty on this occasion. We travelled it with great ease in the night, tho in many parts it is very steep. We saw the old road, the next day, full of cataracts, like the bed of a mountain torrent.

Near Drumlanrig stands Queensberry-hill, which probably took it's name from some ancient tradition. From this hill the dukes of Queensberry take their title: and from the sides of it arise those springs, which are the principal sources of the river Clyde.

On another hill, in sight of the house, remain still the vestiges of Tieber's castle; originally a Roman station; and long afterwards a fortress of considerable strength. In the history of the wars between England and Scotland, it is said to have been one of Edward's strong holds; and to have been taken

taken from him by Wallace. We have seen several of that hero's retreats in the times of distress: but here he appeared in force; and kept in awe, by the terror of his sudden incursions, the neighbouring chiefs, who were inclined to Edward.

A little to the left of Tieber's castle, arises Entrekin, a hill chiefly famous for a frightful road, passing over it, called by way of eminence, the *path of Entrekin*.





S E C T. XXX.

FROM Drumlanrig to Dumfries, the road is rather pleasant, than picturesque. The *grand style* of landscape is now gone; the blue mountains of the highlands are sunk below the horizon; and the country in general is flat, and uniform.

A little before we reach Dumfries, we meet with an object, which detained us some time—the ruins of Lincluden-college. It appears to have been formerly a foundation of some consequence. The habitable part may still be traced; contiguous to which are a chapel, a hall, and other appendages of a college. The remains of the chapel, and hall are of elegant Gothic; and the whole is so combined, as to afford two or three

VOL. II. H good

good views. The roof of the chapel is vaulted; and still remains entire.

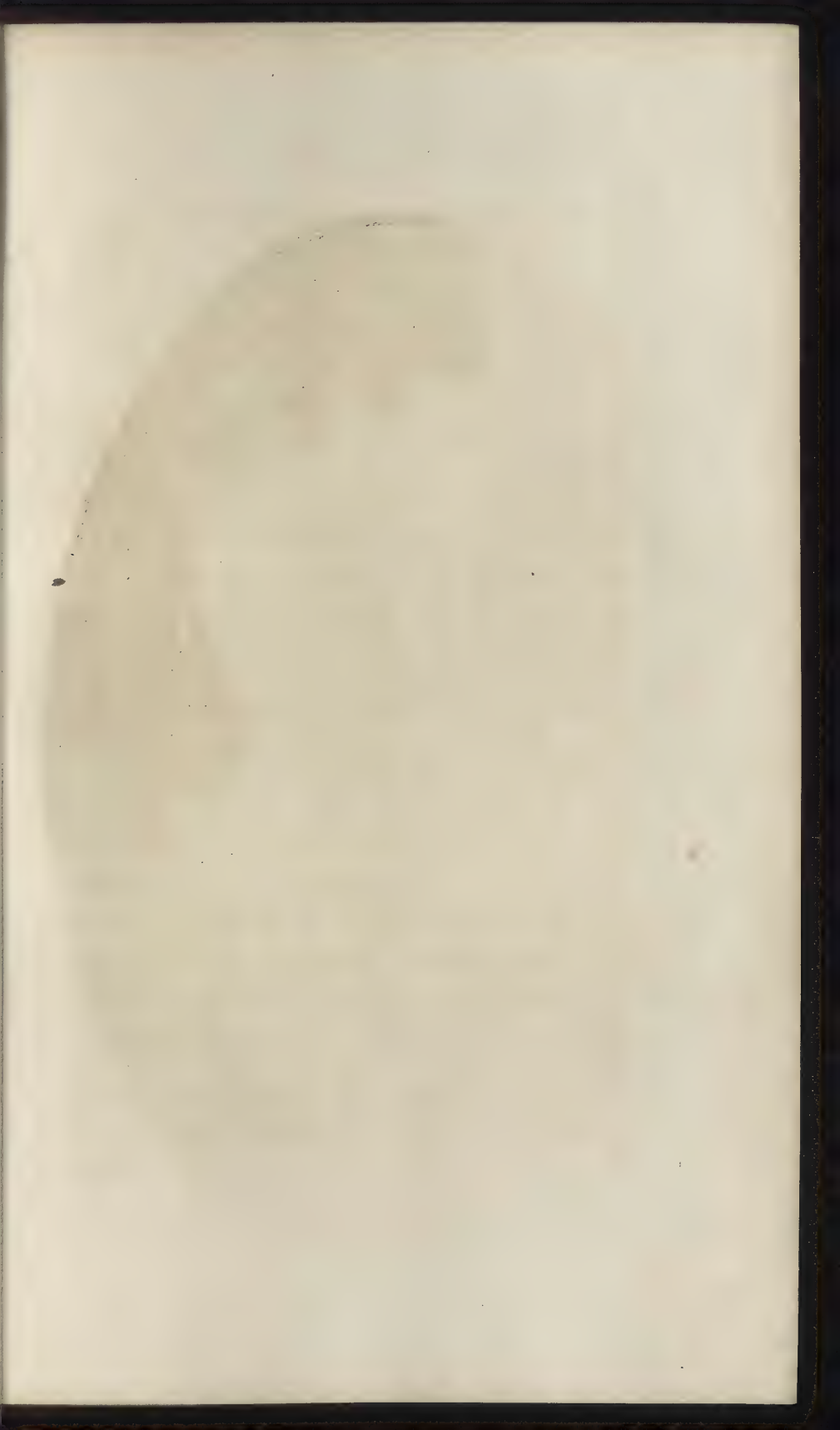
Linclouden-college was once a house of Benedictine nuns; but those ladies growing licentious, Archibald the Grim, earl of Douglas, disfranchised them, and endowed a collegiate house in their room. When the house of Douglas was in the plenitude of it's power, the kings of Scotland were little considered in these parts. At Douglas-castle, conventions were called; troops were raised; and every act of regal authority was exercised. The earl of Douglas therefore by his own arbitrary power altered the form of this religious house. Archibald the Grim conveys to us the idea of a savage despot. But his character was very different. *Grim* in the Scotch language signifies *black*. And Archibald was in fact, an upright, religious man with black hair, and eye-brows.—In Linclouden-college is a rich tomb erected to the memory of Margaret daughter of Robert the third of Scotland, who married the son of Archibald the Grim.

Dumfries stands pleasantly upon the Nith. The water, and scenery about the bridge, is amusing. Upon Corbelly-hill, which is just beyond the river, we have a pleasing
view

view of it's winding course towards Solway-frith.

On the confines of England, and Scotland, the antiquarian easily collects vestiges enough of border-feuds to fill his volume. There is scarce a bridge, or a pass, that has not been gallantly attacked, and defended—nor a house of any antiquity, that has not been plundered, or besieged. But there is one work, of which considerable traces remain, of more than ordinary consequence; that great fosse, thrown up formerly at this place, to prevent the incursions of the English, known at this day by the name of *Warder's dyke*. Here a watch being constantly placed; signals were given by beacons on the approach of an enemy; and the whole country was instantly alarmed. The alarm-cry was a *Loreburn*, a *Loreburn*; which words, tho not now understood, are inscribed as a motto on the provost's staff of office; and by a well-imagined device, transfer the idea of vigilance, from the foldier to the magistrate.

At Dumfries we breakfasted with Mr. Goldie ; with whom one of our party was well acquainted. Of the recovery of this gentleman from a lethargy, we heard afterwards a very astonishing account. He was a large corpulent man ; and the disorder, under which he had long laboured, had at length gained so much upon him, that he would fall asleep at his meals, with a knife, and fork in his hands. His death indeed was almost daily apprehended. The fatal moment, as it appeared, at length arrived. A fit of apoplexy, bereft him of his senses, and of every symptom of life. A physician attended, and for the satisfaction of his friends applied those remedies, which are considered commonly as the apparatus only of death. They produced no apparent effect ; and his relations, having taken their last leave of him, retired. Two servants sat by him ; one of whom was employed in supporting his dying master's head. The man continued about two hours in the same posture : and supposing it now a useless office, he complained of the fatigue, and told his fellow servant, he could not well continue it longer. The dying man, almost instantly recovering with all his senses about him,





him, and having heard what his servant had said, dismissed him from his office; and from that moment not only the effects of his apoplectic fit, but of his' lethargic disorder were intirely removed. He supped with his family that evening in perfect health; and was as much a man of business afterwards as he had ever been in any part of his life before: nor had he ever again the least symptom either of lethargy, or apoplexy. He died about five years after this event, at the age of sixty-eight, of a total decline of strength, with some dropical appearances; but with his senses perfectly clear. It was about a quarter of a year before his death, when we breakfasted with him; and it did not then appear, that he had ever had any ailment*.

As we leave Dumfries, a wide, bleak, unpleasant country opens before us. But as we approach the frith, our views become rather more picturesque. There is something pleasing in those long stretches of sand, distant

* We had this account from Dr. Carlyle of Carlisle; and have had it since been authenticated by Dr. Gilchrist of Dumfries.

country, and water, which flat shores exhibit. The parts are often large, well-tinted, and well-contrasted. Often too their various surfaces appear ambiguous, and are melted together by light mists into one mass. They are beautiful in that ambiguity; as they are also, when the vapours vanishing, a gleam of sunshine breaks out; and shoots over them in lengthened gleams. To make pictures of them, in either case, the foreground must be adorned with objects,—masts of ships, figures, cattle, or other proper appendages, to break the lines of distance.

A landscape of this kind we had where the Nith joins the Solway. It consists of a vast stretch of country rendered dubious by distance; and broken into ample parts, as it approaches the eye.

We had the same kind of view also towards Newbay-castle, which belongs to the marquiss of Annandale; and appears from the distance, where we stood, like the castle of desolation, overlooking the barren shores of the frith.

A little to the west, we were informed, the coast becomes more beautiful. It is there
washed

washed by the sea : and tho the shores of an estuary may have their mode of beauty ; yet it is always inferior to the bold headlands, the rocky promontories, and winding bays of the ocean.

One scene on this coast was particularly mentioned to us, as worth visiting—the seat of the earl of Selkirk—on the account of it's singularity, and beauty. I shall just give the outlines of it, as I heard them described.

Where the coast runs almost directly opposite to the south, a bay enters it of considerable circumference. The entrance is narrow, and occupied by an island ; which forms the whole into a grand lake. The ground, which circles it, is high ; but rather hilly, than mountainous. Some parts of it are rocky ; other parts lord Selkirk has planted.

At the bottom of the bay, a peninsula, containing only a few acres, runs into it ; which is sometimes, (tho rarely,) when the tides are high, formed into an island. On this peninsula stands lord Selkirk's house. It was formerly an abbey ; and enjoyed the same kind of situation, which the abbey of

Torbay in Devonshire did. Only the abbey of Torbay stood more within the land. From the abbey, which stood formerly here, this place obtained the name of St. Mary's isle, which it still retains.

Situations of this kind are often very pleasing ; but the beauty of them depends chiefly on the grounds, which environ the water. How these are shaped, I know not : but if their forms be analogous to those we chiefly met with along the bays or lochs, of the western coast of Scotland, they cannot be unpleasing. One beauty, I should suppose, they must enjoy. As the bay opens to the south, one of it's sides must be enlightened by the morning, and the other by the evening sun ; and the veering of the lights must necessarily occasion, if the skreens be well broken, a great variety of beautiful illumination.

On the western side of Saint Mary's isle, a small creek runs up ; and forms the harbour of Kirkudbright. This town, tho of no extensive trade, employs coasting vessels enough to people the bay with shipping ; which is a great advantage to it in a picturesque light.

Of

Of this town the noted refugee, Paul Jones was a native. Having been prosecuted for some offence, he fled from home; and being an active seaman, obtained the command of a privateer in the American service. As he knew well the parts about his native town, he executed one of his first enterprizes at this place. Early one morning he stood into the bay, with colours flying, like a British frigate; and sent his boat on shore, near lord Selkirk's house, well-manned with an officer, who had orders to behave as if he commanded a press-gang. The scheme took effect. All the men about the house, and grounds, immediately disappeared. When all was clear, the officer, with his party surrounded the house, and inquired for lord Selkirk. He was not at home. Lady Selkirk was then inquired for. The officer behaved very civilly; but told her plainly, that his errand was, to carry off the family-service of plate. She assured him he had been misinformed; and that lord Selkirk had no service of plate. With great presence of mind she then called for the butler's inventory, and convinced him on the spot of his mistake. At the same time she ordered wine. The officer drank her health politely;

politely; and laying his hands on what plate he met with, went off without doing any wanton mischief.—This paltry piece of depredation was the first thing, that lessened Paul Jones in the esteem of his brother-officers; who afterwards saw more into his character; and felt great reluctance at serving with a fellow, however daring, and enterprising, so low, illiberal, and unprincipled.

Besides the scenery about St. Mary's isle, we were told of other parts of the coast, still more to the west, which were well worth visiting. But our time not allowing us to go in quest of them, we continued our route to England.

As we approach the frith still nearer, it becomes narrower; and the opposite shores of England begin now to take a form in the distance. The principal features are the high woody grounds about Bolness, and the mountains of Cumberland, among which Skiddaw is conspicuous.



Gretna-green was the last place we visited in Scotland; the great resort of such unfortunate nymphs, as differ with their parents, and guardians on the subject of marriage. It is not a disagreeable scene. The village is concealed by a grove of trees; which occupy a gentle rise; at the end of which stands the church: and the picture is finished with two distances, one of which is very remote.

Particular places furnish their peculiar topics of conversation. At Dover, the great gate of England, towards France, the vulgar topic is the landing, and embarking of foreigners; their names, titles, and retinue: and a general civility toward them reigns both in manners, and language.

Travel a few miles to the west, and at Portsmouth you will find a new topic of conversation. There all civility to our polite neighbours is gone; and people talk of nothing but ships, cannon, gun-powder; and, (in the boisterous language of the place) blowing the French to the d—.

Here the subject of conversation is totally changed. The only topics are the stratagems
of

of lovers; the tricks of servants; and the deceits put upon parents, and guardians.

——Vetuerē patres, quod non potuerē vetāre,
is the motto of the place.

Of all the seminaries in Europe, this is the seat, where that species of literature, called novel-writing, may be the most successfully studied. A few months conversation with the literati of this place, will furnish the inquisitive student with such a fund of anecdotes, that with a moderate share of imagination in tacking them together, he may spin out as many volumes as he pleases.—In his hands may shine the delicacy of that nymph, and an apology for her conduct, who unsupported by a father, unattended by a sister, boldly throws herself into the arms of some adventurer; flies in the face of every thing, that bears the name of decorum; endures the illiberal laugh, and jest of a whole country, through which she runs; mixes in the shocking scenes of this vile place, where every thing, that is low, indelicate, and abominable prevails; (no Loves and Graces to hold the nuptial torch, or lead the hymeneal dance;

dance; an inn the temple, and an innkeeper the priest;) and suffers her name to be inrolled (I had almost said) in the records of prostitution.—These were perhaps the natural effects of an act of legislature, which many thought was conducted on less liberal principles, than might have been wished.

Leaving these Idalian scenes we soon met the Sark, which is the limit of Scotland in this part. The ground is well varied; and the bridge, and river, with the addition of a few trees to cover the real nakedness of the scene, would make a tolerable picture.

As we enter England, we have a grand distance on the right. The nearer parts of it present the river Eden uniting with Solway-frith. Beyond these rises the city of Carlisle, distinguished by its castle, and cathedral: and beyond all, a range of mountains.

The

The road led us close by the place where that dreadful eruption from Solway-mofs, in the year 1771, entered the Esk. Time has now almost effaced the scars, which that terrible mischief made in it's career. A great part of the plain, which was once overflowed, is now recovered; but we were informed, it had been cleared at an expence nearly equal to the value of the land.

It may not be amiss, on the conclusion of this tour in Scotland, (which we were obliged to perform, for want of time, in little more than a fortnight) to recapitulate a few of those peculiarities, and striking modes of scenery, which this wild country exhibits. A general view of this kind will impress more strongly the idea of the scenes we have passed——To the observations also, which have immediately arisen from such a view, may be added a few other particulars, which we had not an opportunity of introducing before.

S E C T. XXXI.

ON entering Scotland, what makes the first impression on the picturesque eye, are those vast tracts of land, which we meet with intirely *in a state of nature*. I speak not here of mountains, or vallies, or any *particular species* of country; but of those large tracts of *every* species, which are totally untouched by art. In many parts of England, in Derbyshire particularly, and the more northern counties, we see vast districts of these wild scenes: but still they are generally intersected by the boundaries of property, (consisting chiefly of loose stone walls) which run along the wastes, and sides of mountains; and ascend often to their summits. There cannot be a greater deformity in landscape. These rectilineal figures break the great flowing lines of nature, and injure her features, like those
whim-

whimsical scratches, and pricked lines, which we sometimes see on the faces of Indians.—But in Scotland, at least in those parts which we visited, we rarely met with any of these interfections. All is unbounded. This, it is true, is not so much a beauty, as the removal of a deformity; but when deformities are removed, beauty in some shape, generally makes it's appearance. It is art that sophisticates nature. We consider cloathing as necessary; and some modes of it as picturesque: but still it hides the forms of nature, which are undoubtedly more beautiful: so that beauty gives way to decency, and convenience.—It is thus in landscape. Ceres, Triptolemus, and all the worthies, who introduced corn and tillage, deserve unquestionably the thanks of mankind. Far be it from me to disturb their statues, or erase their inscriptions. But we must at the same time acknowledge, that they have miserably scratched, and injured the face of the globe. Wherever man appears with his tools, deformity follows his steps. His spade, and his plough, his hedge, and his furrow; make shocking encroachments on the simplicity, and elegance of landscape. The old acorn-season
 was

was unquestionably the reign of picturesque beauty; when nature planted her own woods, and laid out her own lawns;

—————immunis, rastroque intacta, nec ullis
Saucia vomeribus —————

Could we see her in her native attire, what delightful scenery should we have! Tho we might, now and then, wish to remove a redundance (for she is infinitely exuberant in all her operations) yet the noble style in which she works, the grandeur of her ideas, and the variety and wildness of her composition, could not fail to rouse the imagination, and inspire us with infinite delight.

And yet we must make a distinction among countries in the state of nature. Vast, extensive, flat countries, tho covered with wood, like many of the maritime parts of America, cannot possess much beauty. Seen from the sea, they are mere woody lines: and examined in their internal parts, the eye is every where confined; and can see only the trees, that circumscribe it. The only countries, which are picturesque in a state of nature, are such as consist of variety both of *soil*, and *ground*. You must have *variety of soil*, that some parts may be covered with wood; and others with

heath, or pasturage. You must have variety of *ground*, that you may view the several parts of the country with advantage. Rivers also, and lakes both belong to a state of nature. In this way the face of England is varied; and would certainly on the whole, be more beautiful in a state of nature, than in a state of cultivation. Scotland, and Ireland are both countries of this kind. Such also are Switzerland, Italy, many parts of Germany; and I suppose, in general, most of the northern, and eastern parts of Europe.

In the casual observations of travellers we have many pleasing sketches of landscape in a state of nature, from countries still more remote, and less known.

The kingdom of Whydah particularly, on the coast of Guinea, is represented as one of the most delightful countries in the world. It abounds every where with a great variety of beautiful trees, which grow in groves, and clumps, without any underwood, or even weeds; and the ground is spread in rich pastures and meadows, winding among them without any separation, or boundaries, but what are occasioned by the folding, and intermixing of these natural groves.

The

The same kind of scenery is described, in admiral Anson's voyage, in the island of Tinian. There the country, we are told, has the air of a magnificent plantation, in which extensive lawns, and stately woods are artfully combined, and judiciously adapted to the declivities of the hills, and the inequalities of the ground; which rises in gentle slopes from the beach to the middle part of the island: tho the general course of it's ascent is often interrupted by woody vallies, which wind irregularly through the country.

Such exhibitions as these however are among the choicest of nature's productions. We are not to expect such scenes every where. And even in these picturesque countries themselves, the eye will often be repelled by deformities: yet almost every where, we may expect from pure nature something either of grandeur or beauty to amuse us. Even in countries like this in which we now travelled, where the soil and climate deny the luxuriant growth of wood, there is abundant amusement:

———quæ deserta, et inhospita testua
Credis; amœna vocat, mecum qui sentit.

The coarsest face of nature is a comely face;
 and tho her features, in these barren countries,
 have no great share of sweetness, and beauty;
 yet there is always something wildly graceful,
 and expressive in her countenance.

S E C T. XXXII.

A *Poverty of landscape* from a want of objects, particularly of wood, is another striking characteristic in the views of Scotland. A country, as we have seen under the last head, may be in a state of nature, and yet exceedingly rich. The various hues, which woody scenes exhibit; the breaks which they occasion; and the catches of light, which they receive, are abundant sources of what we call *richness* in landscape. In populous countries the various kinds of architecture, bridges, aqueducts, towns, towers, and above all the ruins of castles, and abbeys, add great richness to the scenes of nature; and in *remote* distances, even *cultivation* has it's use. Corn-fields, fallows, and hedge-rows, melted together with other objects, we have often had

occasion to observe, form one general rich mass.

Now in all these sources both of *natural*, and *artificial richness* we find the Scotch landscape every where greatly deficient.

In the *foregrounds* indeed this *poverty of landscape* is of little importance. Here the painter must necessarily take some liberty in his views of the *richest* country. It is rarely that he can form his composition without it: and in Scotland he has as good a chance, as any where, of meeting with broken knolls, ragged rocks, or pieces of winding road, to give him a general hint for his foreground, which is all that he desires. But in the *several removes of country*, the Scotch landscape is not so happy. In *these* it's poverty chiefly appears. In most parts of England the views are rich. Near the capital especially objects are scattered in such profusion, that unless the distance be very remote, they are injurious to landscape by distracting the eye. But the *Scotch distance* rarely exhibits any diversity of objects. It is in general a barren tract of the same *uniform unbroken hue*; fatiguing the eye for want of variety, and giving the imagination little scope for the amusement, which it
of-

often finds amid the ambiguity of remote objects.—Were it not for this general deficiency of objects, particularly of wood, in the Scotch views, I have no doubt but they would rival those of Italy. Many a castle Gandolfo might we have, seated on an eminence, and overlooking an Alban lake, and a rich circumjacent country. The grand outlines are all laid in; a little finishing is all we want.

Dr. Johnson has given us a picture of Scotch landscape, painted, I am sorry to say, by the hand of peevishness. It presents us with all it's defects; but none of it's beauties.

“ The hills, says he, are almost totally covered with dark heath; and even that appears checked in it's growth. What is not heath is nakedness; a little diversified, now and then by a stream, rushing down the steep. An eye accustomed to flowery pastures, and waving harvests, is astonished, and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility. The appearance is that of matter, incapable of form, or usefulness; dismissed by nature from her care; disinherited of her favours, and

left in it's original elemental state; or quickened only with one fullen power of usefess vegetation*."

How much more just, and good-natured is the remark of another able writer on this subject. " We are agreeably struck with the grandeur, and magnificence of nature in her wildest forms—with the prospect of vast, and stupendous mountains; but is there any necessity for our attending, at the same time, to the bleakness, the coldness, and the barrenness, which are universally connected with them †?"

It is true indeed, that an eye, like Dr. Johnson's, which is accustomed to see the beauties of landscape *only in flowery pastures, and waving harvests*, cannot be attracted by the great, and sublime in nature. It will bring every thing to it's own model; and measure the proportions of a giant by the limbs of a dwarf. Dr. Johnson says, the Scotch mountain has the appearance of matter *incapable of form, or usefulness*. As for it's *usefulness*, it may for any thing he can know,

* West. isles, p. 84.

† See Gregory's comparative view, &c. p. 229.

have as much use in the system of nature, as *flowery pastures, and waving harvests**. And as for it's being *incapable of form*, he can mean only that it cannot be formed into corn-fields, and meadows. It's form as a mountain is unquestionably grand and sublime in the highest degree. For that poverty in objects, or *simplicity*, as it may be called, which no doubt injures the beauty of a Scotch landscape; is certainly at the same time the *source of sublimity*.

Simplicity, and *variety* are the acknowledged foundations of all picturesque effect. Either of them will produce it: but it generally takes it's tone from one†. When the land-

* See Derham's *Physico-theology* (Book III. chap. 4) in which the great usefulness of mountains is examined.

† Since this was written I met the same remark in Mr. Shenstone's thoughts on gardening. Tho our opinions are not in all points coincident, they are wholly so in this. "Grandeur and beauty, says he, are so very opposite, that you often diminish the one, as you increase the other. Variety is most akin to the latter; simplicity to the former. Suppose a large hill, varied by art, with large patches of different-coloured clumps, scars of rocks, chalk-quarries, villages or farm-houses, you will have perhaps a more beautiful scene; but much less grand, than it was before."

scape

scape approaches nearer *simplicity*, it approaches nearer the *sublime*; and when *variety* prevails, it tends more to the *beautiful*. A vast range of mountains, the lines of which are simple; and the surfaces broad, grand, and extensive, is rather *sublime* than *beautiful*. Add trees upon the foreground, tufted woods creeping up the sides of the hills, a castle upon some knoll, and skiffs upon the lake (if there be one) and tho the landscape will still be *sublime*, yet with these additions (if they are happily introduced) the *beautiful* will predominate.—This is exactly the case of the Scotch views. The addition of such furniture would give them *beauty*. At present, unadorned grandeur is their characteristic; and the production of *sublime ideas*, the effect.

Yet such views are by no means void of the picturesque. Their broken lines and surfaces mix variety enough with their simplicity to make them often noble subjects of painting; tho as we have observed, they are less accommodated to drawing. Indeed these wild scenes of sublimity, unadorned even by a single tree, form in themselves a very *grand species of landscape*.

It

It should not however be inferred, that Scotland is without wood. Dr. Johnson's remarks * on this subject are too acrimonious. It is true we meet with no ancient forests; and rarely with a single oak, elm, or beech, of dignity enough to adorn a foreground. Indeed we rarely, except around the seats of the nobility, find any extent of deciduous woods, tho of inferior growth. That beautiful species of landscape, which is so common in England, under the denomination of park-scenery, is little known in Scotland. But we met with many a plantation of pine, many a

—————plaga pinea montis;

mountains covered with fir, which when fully grown, and their uniformity a little destroyed by the axe, may hereafter have a fine effect. At present we saw few extensive plantations, that had attained any state of picturesque perfection. In smaller plots, we found several that had. But till lately, I believe the Scotch nobility and gentry have not employed themselves much in planting.

* See Johnson's tour.

The Scotch fir, which generally makes a distinguished part of these plantations, is naturally a beautiful tree. A strait, regular stem is not the form which nature gives it. Left to itself, it's bole often takes an elegant turn, and it's branches, an irregular form. It's growth is not very unlike that of the stone pine, which is among the most picturesque trees. It graces the views of Italy; and is one of the greatest ornaments of the ruins of Rome. In England we scarce know it. But when the Scotch fir is left to it's natural growth, it frequently resembles this species of pine. As it attains age, it's head forms a bushy clump: and yet I know not, whether it is so happy in this respect in it's native country; as when it is favoured in England with a richer soil, and happier climate.

Besides the Scotch fir, the spruce seems also a native of this country: at least it flourishes here very happily. This tree has more than any other, what, in the language of poetry, hath been called *the shadowy pomp of floating foliage*; and in many situations nothing combines better with other trees. It is often also, as a single tree, an object of great beauty;
spiring

spiring in a pyramidal form; and yet varying it's lateral branches, so as to remove every unpleasant idea of uniformity: and when it receives the sun, it's little broken parts, splendid with light, and hanging against the dark recesses in the body of the tree, have a fine effect. I am at present however considering these trees not as *individuals*; but as they may in some places, by adorning barren parts, aid that poverty of landscape, which is in general so prevalent in Scotland.

In these services tho we meet the *pine-race* seldomer than we wish, we find the *deciduous* tree still a greater stranger in the country. Here, and there we see the larch, and the birch; both of which flourish; and both of which are picturesque. But tho the nobler trees, as we observed, occur rarely; yet when we see them thrive in many parts, particularly about Dunkeld, Inverary, Taymouth, Hamilton, and Hopeton-house, we cannot but suppose the country is in general as well adapted to foster them, as the pine; and that the nakedness of Scotland in this respect, is more owing to the inattention of the lords of the soil, than to any thing

thing forbidding either in the soil itself; or in the climate.

After all, however, I know not whether the pine-race are not, in a *picturesque light*, more adapted to the *ruggedness* of the country, than the deciduous tree; which is more suited to the *sylvan scene*.

Besides, in Scotland winter reigns three parts of the year. The oak protrudes it's foliage late; and is early disrobed. The pine is certainly a more cheerful; and a more sheltering winter-plant; and of course not only better adapted to the *scene*, but to the *climate* also.

Of pines, no doubt, very large plantations might every where be extended. Many of the summits of mountains are indeed intractable; and must be left in their native, unadorned grandeur: but along the whole district, through which we travelled, as far as we could judge from particular spots, and yet these not particularly favoured, a very large proportion of the country might bear wood; and Scotland might again be, what we have reason to believe it once was, full of forests, and woody scenes.

S E C T. XXXIII.

WOOD however if it existed, could never be the glory of Scotch landscape. It's mountains, lakes, and rivers are it's pride.

It's mountains are so various, that they appear in every shape, which a mountain can assume; at least in every picturesque shape: for (what is very extraordinary among so large a collection of mountains) we meet with very few grotesque, or unpleasing forms. A general elegance runs through their lines, and interfections; and we found among them what we do not commonly find, not only grand objects; but agreeable composition: so true is the poet's remark, that in the wild scenes of Nature there is sometimes

—an art,
 Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
 Arranges shapes unequal, so to save
 That correspondent poize, which unpreferred
 Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.

A mountain is of use sometimes to close a distance by an elegant, varied line: and sometimes to come in as a second ground, hanging over a lake, or forming a skreen to the nearer objects. To each purpose the Scotch mountains are well adapted. The distances of this country, with all their uniformity, have at least one praise, as we have often had occasion to observe, that of being bounded by a grand chain of blue mountains: and when these mountains approach, their shapes are generally such as may with little alteration be transferred to canvas.

I have however heard good judges in landscape find much fault with the Scotch mountains in general; and place them on the wrong side of a comparison with the mountains of Italy, and other countries. I can only therefore give my own opinion modestly on this head; suggesting, at the same time, that perhaps these travellers and I may have drawn our conclusions from different parts of the country. Those mountains, which I have remarked, I
 have

have generally specified in the course of my journey—Or, it may be perhaps, that these travellers admire mountains with spiry tops, instead of flowing lines; which with me are not among objects of picturesque beauty.

The lakes of Scotland are as various, as it's mountains: but they partake with them of the barrenness of the country. In the neighbourhood of water one should expect something more of vegetation. In general, however the Scotch lakes are very little adorned. You see fine sweeping lines, bays, recesses, islands, castles, and mountain-fkreens; all of which, except the castles, are in the best style. But with these embellishments you must be content: wood you seldom find; at least in any degree of richness, or proportion.—At the same time if you wish to *study landscape*, perhaps you can no where study it with more advantage. For scenes like these, are the schools in which *the elements* of landscape are taught—those great outlines, without understanding which, the art of finishing is frippery.

One thing farther may be observed with regard to the lakes of Scotland; and that is their dingy colour. The lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland have a remarkable pellucidity. They are so transparent as to admit the sight many fathoms below the surface: whereas all the Scotch lakes, which we saw, take a mossy tinge from the moors probably in their neighbourhood: at least they were all, I think, of that hue, when we saw them. And yet I know not whether this tinge is of any great disadvantage to them. It certainly affects the *general landscape* very little. In navigating the lake indeed; or in viewing it's surface from the bank, it presents an unpleasant hue: and perhaps the reflections are not so vivid, as when the mirror is brighter. Yet I have sometimes thought this dinginess is perhaps more in harmony with the moorish lands, which generally form the Scotch landscape, than if the hue of the water had been more resplendent.

The rivers in Scotland are in general very beautiful. They are all mountain-streams; and their channels, as we have seen in the course
of

of this journey, commonly fretted in rock. Their descent of course is rapid, and broken. They are true classical rivers :

————— *Decursu rapido de montibus altis*
Dant sonitum spumosi —————

Their banks, we allow, are seldom wooded, often indeed without the least fringe : but when they are fortunate enough to find accompaniments of this kind, as they sometimes do, they form scenes, which perhaps no other country can boast. Among their beauties are their frequent cascades ; which are generally of the broken kind. Sheets of water we rarely found. Their common properties are admirably described in the following lines of a Scotch bard*.

Whyles ¹ owre a lynn ² the burnie ³ plays,
Or through the glen it wimpled ⁴ ;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays,
Whyles in a wiel ⁵ it dimpled.
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering ⁶, dancing dazzle ;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes ⁷,
Below the spreading hazle.

* Burn's poems, p. 170.

¹ *Whyles*, sometimes — ² *a linn*, a cascade — ³ *burnie*, a brook — ⁴ *wimples*, winds — ⁵ *a wiel*, a little whirlpool — ⁶ *bickering*, hafty — ⁷ *cookit underneath the braes*, appears, and disappears under the hills.

The estuaries of the Scotch rivers exceed any, that are to be seen in England. In England, their shores are generally low, and tame: even the Welch mountains give little grandeur to the Severn. But in Scotland, the friths of the Clyde, and Forth, Loch-Fyn, Loch-Loung, and many others, display the noblest, and most beautiful scenery. The English estuary, besides the flatness of its shores, is often too wide. The water gets out of proportion; which it always does, if it extend more than a mile, or a mile and a half in breadth. The Severn, and the Humber are both of this kind. Nor is the Solway-frith much better: it partakes too much of the tameness and disproportion of the English estuary. But the Scotch estuaries having their boundaries generally marked by the firmer barriers of mountains, are kept within narrower limits, and rarely exceed a proper width; unless just at their mouths, and even then the height of the mountains is generally such, as to preserve a tolerable proportion between the land, and the water.

One circumstance farther may be mentioned, and that is the gloomy, melancholy air, which commonly overspreads the Scotch landscape; I mean the highland part of it, which I have been describing. “ The highlands of Scotland, says Dr. Beattie, form a picturesque, but in general a melancholy country. Long tracts of mountainous desert, covered with dark heath, and often obscured by misty weather; narrow vallies, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices resounding with the fall of torrents; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths, and lakes, that intersect the country; and the portentous noises, which every change of the wind, and every increase, and diminution of the waters is apt to raise in a lonely region full of rocks, caverns, and echoes,” are all circumstances of a melancholy cast; and tho they are not entirely of the picturesque kind; yet they are nearly allied to it; and give a tinge to the imagination of every traveller, who examines these scenes of solitude and grandeur.

S E C T. XXXIV.

AMONG the picturesque appendages of this wild country, we may consider the flocks, and herds, which frequent them. Here we have stronger ideas, than any other part of the island presents, of that primeval state, when man and beast were joint tenants of the plain. The highlander, and his cattle seem entirely to have this social connection. They lead their whole lives together, and in their diet, beverage, and habitation discover less difference, than is found between the higher and lower members of any luxurious state.

These *groups of cattle* were picturesque, wherever we found them; tho we found them less frequently, than we could have expected in a country, which is totally pasturage: for, altho the district be wide, the herbage is scanty. The animals therefore unable to feed

every where gregariously, as nature inclines them; are obliged to ramble apart, and pick up a subsistence, where they can.

The cattle themselves, as *individuals*, are in general homely. Their colour is commonly black, with patches of white; which make together the most inharmonious of all mixtures. They are small: their countenances usually sour; and their horns wide—very unlike the small, curled, beautiful horn of the Alderney, and French cow. But these deformities are of little consequence in a *group*.—The sheep are also diminutive and ordinary; but in their tattered rough attire, exceedingly picturesque.—These scenes too are often enlivened by a species of little, wild horses; which tho not absolutely in a state of nature, are perfectly *sui juris*, for the first three or four years of their lives. Some of these however are very beautiful.

Nor are the cattle of this wild country more picturesque, than it's human inhabitants. The highland dress (which, notwithstanding

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an act of parliament, is still in general use*) is greatly more ornamental than the English. I speak of it's form; not it's colour; which is checked, of different hues, and has a disagreeable appearance. The plaid consists of a simple piece of cloth, three yards in length, and half that measure in breadth. A common one sells for about ten shillings. The highlander wears it in two forms. In fine weather he throws it loosely round him; and the greater part of it hangs over his shoulder. In rain he wraps the whole close to his body. In both forms it makes elegant drapery; and when he is armed with his pistols, and Ferrara†, has a good effect. Oftener than once we amused ourselves with desiring some highlander, whom we accidentally met, to perform the exercise of his plaid by chang-

* As the highlanders were so extravagantly attached to their dress, the government, in the year 1784, in some degree restored it to general use. But it is by no means universally adopted. The herdsman of the mountains finds it, beyond all others convenient: but the farmer, who has a settled abode, begins to think the English dress more commodious.

† Andrew Ferrara, a Spaniard, was invited into Scotland by James the third to teach his countrymen the art of tempering steel. From him the best broad-swords take their name.

ing it from one form to the other. Trifling as the operation seems, it would puzzle any man, who had not been long used to it.— But to see the plaid in perfection, you must see the highland gentleman on horse-back. Such a figure carries you into Roman times; and presents you with the idea of Marcus Aurelius*. If the bonnet were laid aside (for the elegance of which but little can be said) the drapery is very nearly Roman. The bonnet is commonly made in the form of a beef-eater's cap, which is very ugly. I have sometimes however seen the bonnet fit snugger to the head, and adorned with a plume of feathers. It is then extremely picturesque. —When the common people take a journey on horse-back, they often gather up the plaid in a few plaits; and so form it into a cloak. In this shape it is scanty, and unpicturesque.

What little change three centuries have made in the dress, and accoutrements of a highlander, will appear from the following account, written in the time of Henry the seventh.

* Alluding to the antique.

“ Alteram aquilonarem, ac montosam tenet genus hominum longe durissimum ac asperum, qui sylvestres dicuntur. Hi fago, et interiore tunica amiciuntur; nudisque genu tenus tibiis incedunt. Arma sunt arcus et sagittæ, cum ense admodum lato, et pugione unâ tantum ex parte acuto*.”—If we take away his bow, and arrows, and stick a couple of pistols in his belt, the highlander of those days, is the very highlander of these.

* Pol. Virg. lib. I. p. 11.

S E C T. XXXV.

IN point of all improvements in landscape, and every exertion of taste, the Scotch are very far behind their more southern neighbours. Few ideas of this kind of beauty have yet seized them. The lawn, the clump, and the winding walk, which carries you simply to every thing worth seeing in the neighbourhood, are rarely found. The modern river indeed I should not recommend to their imitation. It is generally a poor unnatural contrivance. One genuine Scotch torrent is fairly worth all the serpentine rivers in England.—It is true, the Scotch landscape boasts of nobler effects than these trivial services of art can produce: but even the grand scenery of nature may sometimes be improved by the addition of a good foreground: and about the houses of the nobility, where improvement is
 avow-

avowedly aimed at, the efforts are generally either feeble, absurd, puerile, or grotesque. But a national taste is long in forming. At the beginning of Henry the second Gothic architecture first appeared, but it did not arrive at perfection, till about the reign of Henry the sixth, which was nearly three centuries afterwards.—Thus too the Grecian, and Roman architecture, which began to appear in England in the days of Henry the eighth, was long a heterogeneous compound; and has not yet perhaps attained it's perfect growth.

About the beginning of this century appeared first the dawning of the present taste in improving gardens, and pleasure grounds; which is in fact nothing more than a simple endeavour to improve nature by herself; to collect ideas of the most beautiful scenery; and to adapt them to different situations; preserving at the same time the natural character of each scene. But this taste, simple, easy, and natural as it appears, is yet by no means become general even in England. The old idea that *art must do something more than nature*, is not yet obliterated; and we see the grotesque, the
 formal,

formal, and the fantastic still holding possession in many scenes, where we might have expected simplicity, and nature. But the Scotch are still at least half a century behind the English. In Scotland we saw nothing in this way purely elegant. Even in their best improvements there is a mixture of the old insipidity. It must be understood however that I speak of things, as I found them a dozen years ago. Many improvements may by this time be introduced. I have already mentioned the improvements, which I am informed, have been made around Hamilton-house; and it is probable there may be many other. It will be long however before this taste can become general.

With regard to architecture, painting, and statuary, very little is found in Scotland to detain a traveller, The duke of Athol's gardens are at this day * adorned with tawdry, painted, leaden figures, the product of Hide-park corner.

Before I conclude these remarks, it may be necessary, in justice to myself, to suggest one consideration. It is very possible that many, who may travel this country, may see among the natural objects of it many which have escaped my eye; and lose others, which mine observed. Objects too, may appear under very different forms to different persons. All this will necessarily happen from the different circumstances, under which they are seen. A grand light, or shade, thrown upon an object, gives it a consequence, without which it may escape notice. One traveller seeing an offskip under the circumstance of a light, thin, mist, without attending to the cause, cries out, What a beautiful distance! Another travelling the same road, an hour afterwards, finds the distance gone; and in it's room an unpleasant, black heath. At one time a distance might appear melting into the horizon; at another a lurid cloud might have taken possession of the sky above it, and the distance assuming it's indigo tinge, might be marked with a harsh, blue edge. To my eye, as the sun declined, a part of Dunbarton-
rock

rock appeared from the shores of Loch-lo-mond, like a vast tent, with one of the front-curtains drawn back. To another person travelling in a morning, it would probably make an appearance totally different. I have touched on this subject in another work*; and may add, that in a mountainous country these variations are more common than any where else. Such countries are greatly affected by lights, shades, mists, and a variety of other circumstances; so that in point of size, shape and distance, two persons may give very different accounts of the same mountain, and yet both may be very exact.

Amidst all these sources of uncertainty (which by the way are sources also of variety, and beauty) I have generally marked the time of the day together with such circumstances, as appeared singular in the view; and I hope whoever should see the country, which I have described, under the same circumstances, in which it appeared to me, would find the delineation of it tolerably exact.

* See the preface to the North. tour, p. 7.



S E C T. XXXVI.

FROM Carlisle to Cockermouth, we passed over dreary, unpleasant heaths. Some scenery we found; particularly at Cockbridge; and about Whitehall, an old deserted mansion, belonging to the Salkelds. The road to it happens to be so conducted, as to form a good approach.

As we mounted the hill, a little beyond Bowl, we had a grand view of the opening of the Solway-frith, into the Irish-sea. It's breadth is considerable, and yet the mountain of Scrofell, which takes it's station near the mouth of the frith, on the Scotch side, makes a very respectable appearance. To the right, we see the frith narrowing through the space of many leagues: beyond which the mountains

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of

of Scotland rise in the distance; while the English border forms the nearer ground. The whole together is too extensive for the pencil: but a good view might be taken of the situation of Scrofell, a Scotch mountain at the mouth of the frith.—This was our last retrospect of a country which had afforded us so much pleasure.

As we approached Cockermouth, the mountains, which occupy the middle of Cumberland, begin to make a formidable appearance. One of them in particular, enlightened by an evening sun, seemed supported by vast buttresses, like some mighty rampart, in the times of the giant wars. Each buttress, I suppose, might be three or four times the height of St. Paul's church. When nature in any of her frolic-scenes takes the semblance of art, how paltry in the comparison appear the labours of men! At the same time, in her frolic-scenes she is the least picturesque.

Cockermouth is one of the pleasantest towns in the north of England. It lies in a sinuous,

ex-

extended vale ; screened by that circular chain of mountains, Skiddaw, and its compeers, which we have just mentioned. But they do not hang over the vale : they are removed to a proper distance ; and form a grand background to all the objects of it. The vale itself is beautiful ; consisting of great variety of ground, and more adorned with wood, than the scenes of the north commonly are. But its greatest ornaments are two rivers, and the ruins of a castle. The rivers are the Derwent, and the Cocker ; both rapid streams. The former is the larger ; to which the latter is but tributary. At the confluence of these rivers, close by the town, rises a peninsular knoll, in part probably artificial. Upon this stand the ruins of the castle ; which are among the most magnificent in England. Besides the grand appearance they make on the spot, they present an object in various parts of the vale, and dignify some very picturesque scenes.

Few castles have made such ample provision for prisoners of war, as this. Here are two vaulted dungeons, each of them capable of holding fifty men. An aperture at the top of each is just sufficient to lower down the un-

happy captive into it; and his food was shovelled through a small slit at the side.

It makes one shudder to think of the wretched condition of a human creature, shut up in these chambers of horror. How dreadful would it be for the people of these more polished times to be carried back into those barbarous periods, when these savage practices existed. And yet there is such a correspondence throughout the whole system of manners in each æra, that people are happier perhaps under the intire habits of any one age, than they would be under a partial change, even tho that change were for the better. If we could ill bear a mixture with such savage contemporaries; they would perhaps be as much discomposed with our polished manners. Nor did they feel as we should, a compassion for that barbarous treatment, which they were ready to suffer themselves from the chance of war.

The territory annexed to this castle by William the Conqueror, was all that tract of country called Copeland, at that time a mere forest, stretching between the river Dudden, and the Derwent. Tradition fixes the original seat of this little feudal empire at Pap-castle,

castle, about a mile from Cockermouth; and informs us that Waldoff, in the age succeeding the conquest, deserted it, as not sufficiently extensive, and built the castle of Cockermouth. At Pap-castle no vestiges remain of any such fortress; but the name and site, are both strong arguments for it's having existed.

We scarce remember, in our whole tour, a pleasanter walk, than we had one evening in the meadows along the banks of the Derwent. The whole scenery is pleasant, and as we returned by the higher grounds, we had through the whole walk, a varying view of the castle of Cockermouth; which tho not the most beautiful object, has at least a grandeur, and dignity, which make it interesting in every view,

From Cockermouth to Keswick, (which was our next stage) lead two roads. One of them, over the mountain of Whinlater, is called the *upper road*: the *lower* passes by Armithwaite-bridge, and the lake of Bassenthwait. Let the traveller enquire for the latter; and not be deterred, tho the prudent innkeeper inform him, that the Whinlater-road

is both better, and nearer. He will find the *lower road* very good; and instead of repining at being carried two miles about, he will wish he had been carried twenty; (at least if he is bent on no errand of importance) so amply will the inconvenience be repayed by a succession of scenery, in which grandeur and beauty combine to entertain him.

He will first be presented with a mountain-vista; which he must consider as the grand portal to the scene he approaches. This vista, which he pursues about four miles, is terminated by the mountain of Skiddaw.

The surface of this mountain, when we saw it, exemplified very strongly an incident, to which these vast bodies are sometimes liable; that of *false shadows*. Scarce any thing gives higher offence to the picturesque eye.—Whoever pretends to any skill in painting, tho he may not be versed in all the theory of light, yet cannot be ignorant of these general principles—that the light falls on all the objects of a landscape in one direction—that all the shadows are of course thrown on the opposite side—and that extended shadow

is

is one great source of that *breadth*, as the painters call it, both in nature, and in painting, in which simplicity consists.

Now on the vast surfaces of these elevated bodies it sometimes happens, that in the room of this simple illumination, we see what I have expressed by the term *false shadows*; which are occasioned by small floating clouds intercepting the light, and throwing their shadows promiscuously; and often where we should naturally expect light. In *flat* countries these *false shadows* are rarely disgusting. They are often lost in cavities: they are often broken and dispersed by intervening objects: they are often lengthened by perspective, and so lose their disagreeable form: they are often also the source of great beauty, by leaving catching lights upon the distant parts of a landscape, or some happy illumination upon an object at hand. Indeed this fortuitous circumstance is often employed by painters with great effect*.

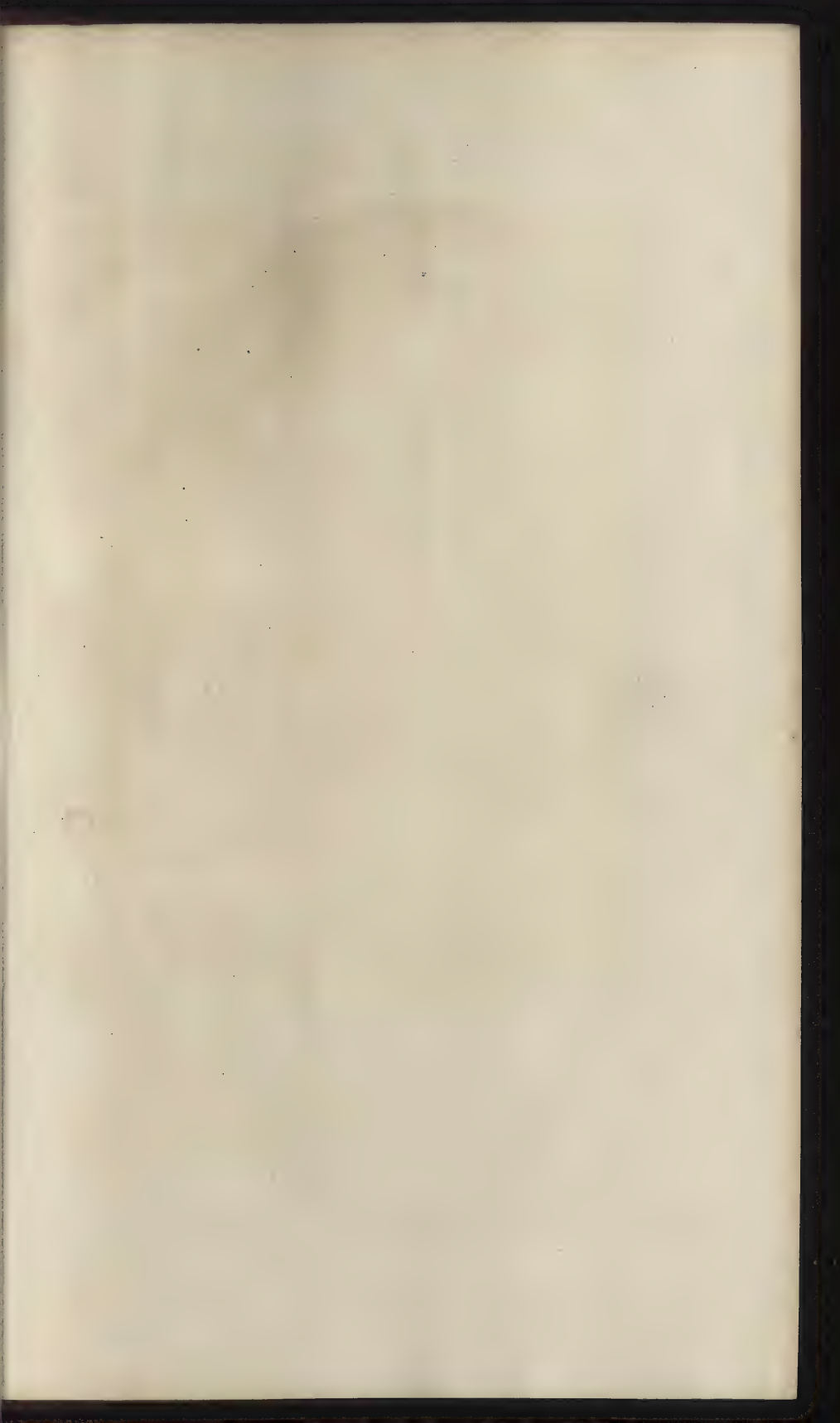
But when these *false shadows*, are patched against the *side of a mountain*, and held up

* See Vol. I. p. 12.

to the eye in their full size and dimensions ; they are almost ever accompanied with great confusion—A sunshiny, windy day therefore, with small floating clouds, is the worst kind of weather for viewing a mountainous country,

At the end of the vista, we came to the brow of the hill, called the *Ray*, from whence we had a noble view. The segment of a vast circle, many leagues in circumference, opened before the eye. It was a cultivated vale, screened by Skiddaw, and other mountains, which winding round pushed their bases into it, in different directions ; forming many bays, and promontories of broken ground as they united with the vale. In the middle, a portion of the lake of Bassenthwait made an ample sweep. Here beauty was introduced into our landscape, and mixed with the sublime. The whole valley indeed was amusing in a great degree ; tho too extensive to be the object of painting.

From the *Ray* descending into the vale, we had as grand a vista formed by the lake
of





of Bassenthwait, as had been formed by the mountains just before. The lake of Bassenthwait is not among the most beautiful lakes of the north. It is about four miles long; and rarely more than half a mile in breadth. It seldom therefore has space enough to bear its proportion in the noble scenes, in which it is engaged; especially when viewed across: but as we here took it in perspective, it made a noble appearance, running up among the mountains, and losing itself behind them. Skiddaw formed the left skreen of this vista; Thornthwait-cragg the right, and the mountains of Borrowdale filled the centre.

We had another very fine view of the lake at Owsebridge, where the river Derwent leaves the waters of Bassenthwait. Here also we saw the lake in perspective, which gives it a spreading appearance; and more consequence, than it commonly has.—On its banks stands Armithwaite, where we had the same view over the lake, which the road had just presented to us.

We now approached the northern side of Skiddaw. This mountain is in most parts smooth,

smooth, tame, and unfurnished. But on this side, it makes it's best appearance. It is channelled and guttered, in it's higher parts; and often adorned with large proportions of rocky ground. In one place it exhibits two vast basons. The whole mountain seems divided into an upper, and a lower region. The lower spreads into sheep-walks, which run as far as the guttered channels; and in many parts insinuate themselves among them, till all distinction of surface is lost in the heights of the mountain. A greyish tint overspread the middle parts; contending with purple as it rose higher; till at length the purple gained the ascendant, and took possession of all the upper regions of the mountain.

This was the appearance, which Skiddaw exhibited at a second distance: but the road soon brought us under it's base, where all it's upper regions disappeared; and we could see nothing but the immensity of it's skirts.

Here we were entertained with another grand mountain-vista. A concave part of the base of Skiddaw, sweeping to the road, formed the near skreen on the left; on the
right

right was a chain of broken mountains, running into perspective; and the lake, having now changed it's form, appeared like a noble river, winding under them.

Our landscape too had all the advantages, which light could give it. After a disturbed day, the evening was serene. All the *false shadows* had fled with the clouds; the lights were strong, and permanent; and under such illumination, every mountain summit, and every woody knoll, had taken it's proper form, together with it's proper hue.

We still continued winding round Skiddaw, the sides of which are every where rather shelving, than steep. But as we now began to veer round towards it's southern aspect, we lost all the guttered channels, and rocky promontories which invested the northern side of the mountain. Smooth pasturage seemed now to cloath it to the top.—The road is good every where round the mountain; which continually sheds from it's skirts a kind of shivering, flaky stratum, which binds hard, and is perfectly smooth.

We

We now came to the isthmian part, which divides the two lakes of Bassenthwait, and Keswick. The beautiful meadows, at the head of the lake, full of cattle, made a pleasing appearance; contrasted, as they were, with rocky mountains on every side.

As we approached still nearer, the vale of Keswick, began to open; and we had a grand view of the mountains of Borrowdale; arrayed in all the splendor of an evening-sun. These are among the most broken of all the mountains of the north: and their ragged points, on a nearer approach, wear rather a fantastic form; but at the distance from which we now viewed them, every grotesque appearance was lost; and their broken points were admirably fitted to receive the sharp catches of light, with which they were all illumined. Below the mountains appeared the skirts of the lake of Keswick. We saw the whole scene afterwards to great advantage, from the higher grounds, which fully command this grand, and beautiful landscape.

S E C T. XXXVII.

THO we had seen the lake of Kefwick many times; yet such a scene is an inexhaustible fund of beauty. It always presents something new. Our next undertaking therefore was to ride round the lake, which we had never done before. It is about eleven miles in circumference. Amusing however as this circuit is, it seems to have been so little frequented, that altho we were under the conduct of an inhabitant of the place, we had some difficulty in finding even a bridle-road: and yet materials are so plentiful, that a little expence might easily make it commodious for wheels. Were the road better, the tour of the lake of Kefwick would perhaps be one of the grandest, and most beautiful rides in England. You are not carried along the margin of the lake, which in many parts is probably ob-

obstructed by large promontories of rock running into the water ; but you wind often among the higher grounds, and slope along the sides of the hills. The *whole lake together* you seldom see : but you have, every where, the most beautiful views of portions of it ; open bays, deep recesses, and spreading sheets, accompanied, both in the distance, and foregrounds, with such variety of rock, wood, and broken knolls, as few landscapes exhibit in so small a compass.

From the eastern side of the lake, which we had traversed oftener than once, the western side appears waste and barren. On the western side, we had never been before ; and were surprised to find it, what it did not appear at a distance, full of beautiful scenery. Ringside-fell, which makes a part of it, is a grand, and well shaped mountain. The other mountains, between it and Bassenthwaite are too much broken.

Of the islands upon the lake we had several views ; of Lord's island covered with wood ; of St. Herbert's, newly planted with fir ; and of Vicar's island, flat, plain, and cultivated.

vated. In some places too we had a view of them all together.

Lodoar was in great penury, when we past it. Instead of roaring over the mighty rocks, which forms it's descent, it fell gently down, gliding among them with feeble tone, not having force of water, to resist it's obstructions.

A circuit round the lake, naturally suggests the visionary idea of improving it. If the whole lake (I mean the whole district of land and water, contained within the circumference of the mountains,) belonged to one person, a nobler scene for improvement could not well be conceived. This grand circumference, it is true, in all it's vastness and extent, sets at nought all human power; and resists every idea of improvement: yet still in some parts an impression might be made. It might be rendered *more accessible*—it might be *cleared of deformities*—it might be *planted*—and it might be *decorated*.

In the first place, it might be rendered *more accessible*. We have just seen how difficult it is to get round the lake in it's present state. Half it's beauties are lost. An easy road therefore might be traced. I do not merely mean a good carriage road; but such a road, as might both form a pleasing line in itself; and shew the beauties of the lake to the best advantage. This improvement would require both taste, and study. Many a survey of the lake should be taken, both from the higher and lower grounds, to find out, where the road might open on some beautiful part, without losing it's own beauty—where it might run obliquely, and give only catching views—or where it might entirely lose all view of the lake. A pause in a grand continuation of scenery, is often as pleasing as in a concert of music. It makes the eye in one case, as the ear in the other, more alert for every new exhibition.

Besides this ample road round the lake, there might be a variety of paths, and sequestered walks cut through it; from which, in some part or other, every scene of the lake might be viewed in it's most picturesque form.

Our

Our next business would be to *remove deformities*—such *deformities* especially as obtruded themselves from the road, or paths. And here I should perhaps find a difficulty in settling with many people, what was a *deformity*. In *nature's works* there is seldom any *deformity*. Rough knolls, and rocks, and broken ground, are of the very essence of beautiful landscape. It is man with his utensils, who prints the mark of *deformity* on Nature's works. Almost every thing in which he is concerned, I should wish to remove. In these rough grounds indeed there is not much of this kind that offends; and some of his works, the cottage especially, under particular circumstances, is an object of beauty: tho in general these are not the scenes which it suits.

But notwithstanding the beauties of nature, it may happen that some deformities, even in her operations may exist. We often observe the craggy points and summits of mountains not well formed; and the mountain itself not exactly shaped. With these things however we must rest satisfied.—Yet sometimes, in

smaller matters, a natural *deformity* may be done away. An awkward knoll, on the *foreground*, may offend; which art may remove, or at least correct. It may remove also bushes, and rough underwood; which, tho often picturesque, are yet sometimes in the way. It may remove also a tree, or a clump, which may have placed themselves between the eye, and some beautiful part of the scene. Farther than this we dare not move—unless perhaps we wish to give the line of the lake a more pleasing sweep, by paring away cautiously—very cautiously—here and there a little of it's margin.

We begin next with *planting*. In this business the improver might wish to have the lake in it's primeval state surrounded with ancient wood. He might wish that *cutting away*, rather than *planting*, should be necessary: but as that cannot be, he must be content to plant: and this he must do, chiefly for the sake of posterity, whom he must leave to *admire* his work: for tho he may plant, it will require an age to bring his work to perfection.

The

The chief uses of planting in scenery, are, to *set off beauty*, and to *hide* such deformities as we cannot *remove*.

Nature has various coverings for her surfaces. Grass is her principal, and general covering. This however is only a thin dress, close and tight, which following the form of her limbs, gives little *ornament* to them. Weeds of various kinds, shrubs, and brushwood form another species of vest, and often a rich one. But her richest, and most ornamental mantle, is wood, which she spreads in various forms, and various colours, over the earth; and in uninhabited countries in such profusion often as to blot out landscape. In inhabited countries however woods of this close texture, and wide continuance, are uncommon: yet we always wish for a command of such wood in all our improvements—not only for the reason already given, that old timber is more beautiful than young; but because nature always plants with much more picturesque beauty, than man. Man cannot put a twig into the ground without formality: and if he put in a dozen together, let him put them in with what art he please, his awkward handywork, will hardly ever be effaced.

effaced. Nature would be ashamed to own his work—at least, till it had been matured by a long course of years. The best mode of planting, is, to plant profusely; and thus to afford scope for the felling axe. The felling axe is the instrument, which gives the finishing touch of picturesque effect. It forms the outline; and marks the breaks. No human judgment can manage this business compleatly in the first planting: yet human judgment, in the first planting, should nevertheless do what it can: and under the management of taste these artificial woods may attain great beauty; and vie in some degree with the superior effect of nature.

As for any particular rules for planting such a scene as this, none can be given. They must be adapted to the spot. Foregrounds and backgrounds are equally susceptible of the beauties of wood. Only, in general, contrast should be observed. The whole side of a hill for instance, should not be planted, but parts of it left bare. Sometimes the top may be planted; and sometimes the bottom: and if the wood run down to the lake in one part, in another the contiguous shore will appear better unadorned. The fore-
grounds

grounds however must generally be adorned with wood.

But wood, besides it's use in adorning landscape, is of use also in hiding it's deformities. The lake and it's environs, however beautiful, will always have many parts to hide. But to hide them from every station would be impossible. In so extensive a scene they must present themselves in numberless places. And yet perhaps the same object may appear from one station as a beauty, and present itself from another as a deformity. All however that can be done on this head, is to have respect to the several roads, and paths you have marked out; and to endeavour, as much as possible, by trees on the foreground, to plant out, from thence at least, every thing offensive. Even some of the ill-formed points, and prominences of mountains, where they are most offensive, may be skreened, in some views at least, by the foliage of a spreading tree.

We come lastly to the *adorning* of such a scene as this. I mean the *addition of artificial ornament*.

But before any *mode of ornament* can be settled, the question must be asked, For what *purpose* do you mean to adorn? Do you intend to build a mansion in some part of the scene? —Or, do you mean it only for the wild scenery of a park; or what is commonly called a riding? We have yet done nothing, but what may be accommodated alike to both these purposes.

If you mean to *build*, it behoves you well to fix the spot with judgment. I should traverse the boundaries of the lake many times; examine it in all seasons; and not determine a point of such importance, in less than half a summer. I should at once however resolve not to follow the example of the earls of Derwentwater, and choose one of the little, flat, unvaried islands for my residence. These islands may often make the *object* of a scene: but none of them has extent to make a *scene itself*; or to unite well with the scenery around.

Having determined your spot, and built your house, you next *adorn* it. Much of the wild brushwood of the country must give way; and an elegant neatness take place; which growing rougher by degrees, will unite itself with

with the wildness of the country. Having levelled the ground, where too rough, and and given an elegant play to it, you next plant your groves, and clumps, open your lawns, and conduct your walks. In all these things, the situation you have chosen must determine you. If it could be done commodiously, I should wish to have the grand lawn before the house sweep down to the water's edge. And yet I should not be pertinacious on this point, because other views of the lake might be equally interesting.

When you have thus laid out your different scenes, I should not object to your adorning so large an extent with a temple, or two; provided they were objects pleasing in themselves; adapted to their situations; and not both seen glaring together. I should not even object, if you chose to place some artless object as a point of view on the other side of the lake: for I conclude your house, or some of the grand walks, will open to the opposite shores. If you choose to adorn your distant view in this way, let not the object you make choice of, be some odd appearing thing, staring from the top of a hill, like a tower, or a spire, where you know no such thing

thing could probably be placed. Neither let it stand directly in the front of your view; the design of it will be suspected. As to the *kind of object*, it must be something, which will not disgrace your invention, if it is to be seen upon the spot. It will be difficult to direct you. But if you *hesitate* about a proper object, you had better at once give up the intention.

But perhaps you do not mean to build a *manſion*; but mean only to adorn the invirons of the lake, as a *wild park ſcene*. In that caſe little ornament will be wanting. If the ruins of a caſtle, or abbey *could be* built, and ſtationed with verifiſimilitude, and propriety, they would undoubtedly be a great ornament. Their ſtation ſhould be accommodated to the road, and walks; and yet muſt appear, not as if fixed by deſign, for the purpoſe of ornament; but as if naturally choſen. They ſhould alſo be in a magnificent ſtyle. If you are ſatiſfied with bringing a few loads of brick, or ſtone; and putting them together in ſome odd ſhape, whitening them over, and calling them a ruin, you had better do nothing. You may diſgrace what you wiſhed to adorn; and ſhould always
re-

remember that the scene is able to support itself without any ornament.

I know no other ornaments proper to the environs of the lake, except perhaps a bridge or two; for which I should think, there might be great choice of situations. But I should wish the form of them to be that of the *rumbling brig* in Scotland*; rather as joining rocky chasms, than as passages over rivulets. Of course therefore they should be so constructed, as to serve the purposes of the road. The form of an aqueduct might be introduced with propriety. The Alpine bridge also might have a good effect. Such a bridge is constructed only of a few rough pines, split, and held together by rafters, and pins. Chasms, over which such bridges might be thrown, are frequent about the lake. But here too you must follow the ideas of *probability* (which is *nature* as far as it goes) and throw the bridge over some part, where it appears really to be wanted. Your path must lead over it; or at least be directed over some safer place in it's neigh-

* See Vol. I. page 125.

bourhood ; that the *danger of the bridge* may appear plainly to be the *cause of it's desertion*. But in all matter of ornament, let me once more advise you to be sparing. I have heard, that, since these observations were made, the lake of Keswick, as well as other lakes, hath been injured by some miserable, and tasteless ornaments*. Let me intreat you not to add to them ; nor to incourage a wretched taste, which may in time, as each proprietor of the lake takes it into his head, creep every where around it ; and destroy by degrees the simplicity, and beauty of one of the grandest, and most pleasing scenes in Britain.

* From this censure I should wish to exclude some improvements, which have lately been made on the western side of the lake, by lord William Gordon. I never saw them ; and only accidentally heard of them, since this work went to the press ; but from what I could learn, I should suppose they are made, as far as they go, on the principles here laid down.

S E C T. XXXVIII.

FROM Kefwick we took the common road to Kendal; and were greatly amused, as we had often been before; with the grandeur and beauty of the scenery; which two ideas go hand in hand through all this country. Sometimes one prevails: sometimes the other: and sometimes we are struck with the united force of both. Ideas of simple grandeur were generally suggested between Kefwick, and Ambleside; and of beauty chiefly between Ambleside, and Kendal.

From Kendal to Lancaster the country assumes a tamer aspect. At Lancaster we could not avoid ascending the castle-hill, to admire the scene of distant mountains it displayed,

played, tho we had often admired it before. But it was now attended with accompaniments, which were new to us; and which of course made the scene a new one; as all scenes are, when viewed in different lights, and different seasons. The day was rough, and boisterous; and tho we had often seen this grand bay in a calm, we had never before seen it in a storm. The tide had wholly overspread it; and tho there was not depth of water (as the whole bay is at best but a flooded sand-bank) to stir up the grand swells of the ocean; yet it had depth enough to be greatly agitated.

But if it's waters wanted *depth*, they had *extent* fully proportioned to the mountains, that invironed them; and all together produced a very grand effect. The greatness however of this noble exhibition arose chiefly from the adventitious circumstances, which attended it. The violence of the storm had confounded in one mass of driving vapours, air, sea, and mountains; and the sublimity lay in the emerging of each of these objects occasionally from the mass of confusion, in which it was involved. Sometimes the broad back of a mountain would appear; while
the

the imagination was at a loss to find out on what base the mighty fabric was erected: for all it's lower skirts were obscured. Sometimes the base appeared whitened by the surges of the shore: while the summit of the mountain, involved in vapour, left the imagination to seek it among the clouds. Even objects still smaller, did not want their effect. The ferried files of such sea-fowl as fly in flocks, urging their flight through the storm in firm array, were contrasted by others of a more devious course; as the gull particularly, which turning her breast, and wings to the wind, gave herself to the blast; and was carried away far to leeward, as if delighted with sporting in the storm: then, as the gulf had spent it's force, she would recover her course; mount again into the air, and again renew her aerial pastime.

But the greatest ornaments of this boisterous bay, were the skiffs, which traversed it in various parts, making to the little ports, which lie along it's shores. Their different forms, and groups, as they were tumbled about by the wind, were very amusing. One vessel there was of larger dimensions, which seemed to have been out at sea, and from her ragged sails

sails to have suffered from the storm. She was working her course, with an adverse wind, in *tacks*, as they phrase it, athwart the bay. In some situations her appearance was formal: but when she was foreshortened, heeling from the wind, and driving the white-ened sea before her, she was very picturesque. Shakespear had his beautiful moral ready on every occasion. On the exhibition of such a picture he would say,

How like a prodigal
 The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
 Hugged, and embraced by the trumpet wind!
 How like a prodigal doth she return,
 With weather-beaten ribs, and ragged sails,
 Torn, crazed, and beggared by the trumpet wind!

In the mean time we could have wished for a burst of resplendency to throw, at intervals, a vivid ray on the landscape—to brighten the mountain top, or the swelling sail of the skiff. Nothing is more picturesque, than a storm thus enlightened*. But we were not so fortunate. One gloomy tint overspread the whole picture; and the several objects that

* See Northern Tour, Vol. I. page 126.

were seen, were seen rather from an *indistinct shadow*, than any *effect of light*.

One appearance indeed we had of solar illumination, which is of no use in enlightening objects; but is exceedingly picturesque; and that is those broad, diverging beams, which the sun, concealed behind a cloud, shoots down through a cloudy horizon. But let the painter, when he adorns his landscape with appearances of this kind, take care that they diverge naturally. Without a little philosophy the best efforts of his pencil will be awkward. I have seen a picture, in which the artist wished to adorn his landscape with a rainbow; but thinking a semicircle rather formal, he drew it in perspective.

This bay, from the setting of the currents, is at all times, subject to very rapid tides. But when the wind is strong from the south-west, the waters rush in with a violence that is astonishing; as many unfortunate travellers have fatally experienced. Nor is this the only danger, with which these pathless deserts are attended. The tide often leaves them interspersed with quicksands, which vary their situation. As it saves however several miles to cross this track of sand from Lancaster

to Ulverston, Cartmel, and the other towns upon the coast, you can seldom look over it from the station where we now stood, when the tide is at ebb; without seeing it *figured*, as the landscape-painter speaks, with several passengers; sometimes solitary, and sometimes in companies. For the accommodation of travellers, the government pay two guides from the rents of Conishead-abbey, (as the monks formerly did) who relieve each other, and conduct passengers, at stated hours, over the most dangerous parts: tho many people, who think they are as well acquainted with the fords themselves, trust to their own discretion.

S E C T. XXXIX.

AS we leave Lancaster, the broken coast still affords us many views of land, and water, with stretches of sand interspersed: which to a common eye appear only barren tracts of dreariness: but the picturesque eye finds often a great amusement in them*; and if they are happily illumined, contemplates in them, some of the finest effects of harmony. At this time indeed, they were under the influence of a rough unpleasant day.

About a mile beyond Garstang, we had a very fine distant view of a different kind—different indeed from any thing we had seen

* See Vol. I. page 132.

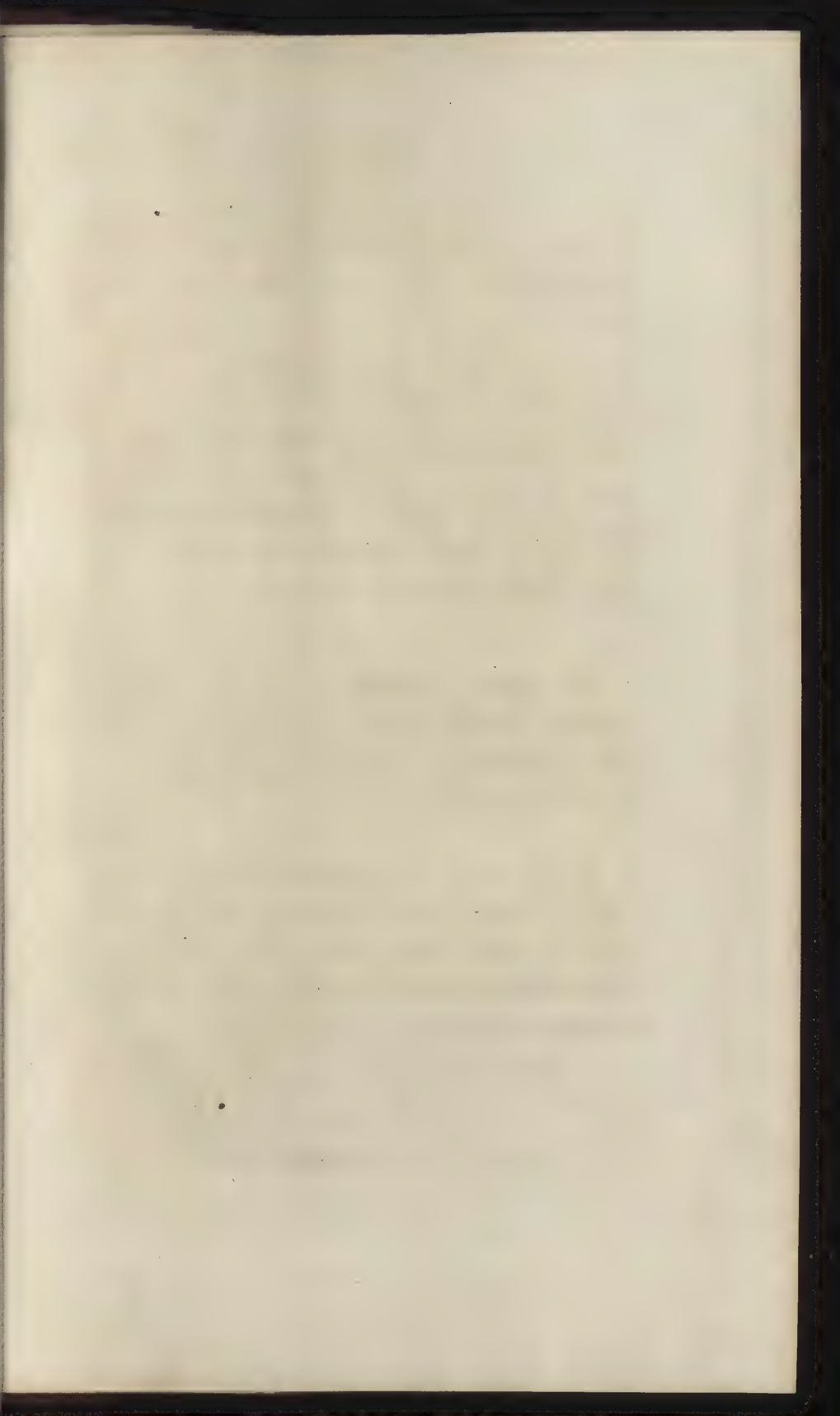
for many weeks—a flat, woody country, terminated by light, azure hills, which appeared

———small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains, turning into clouds,

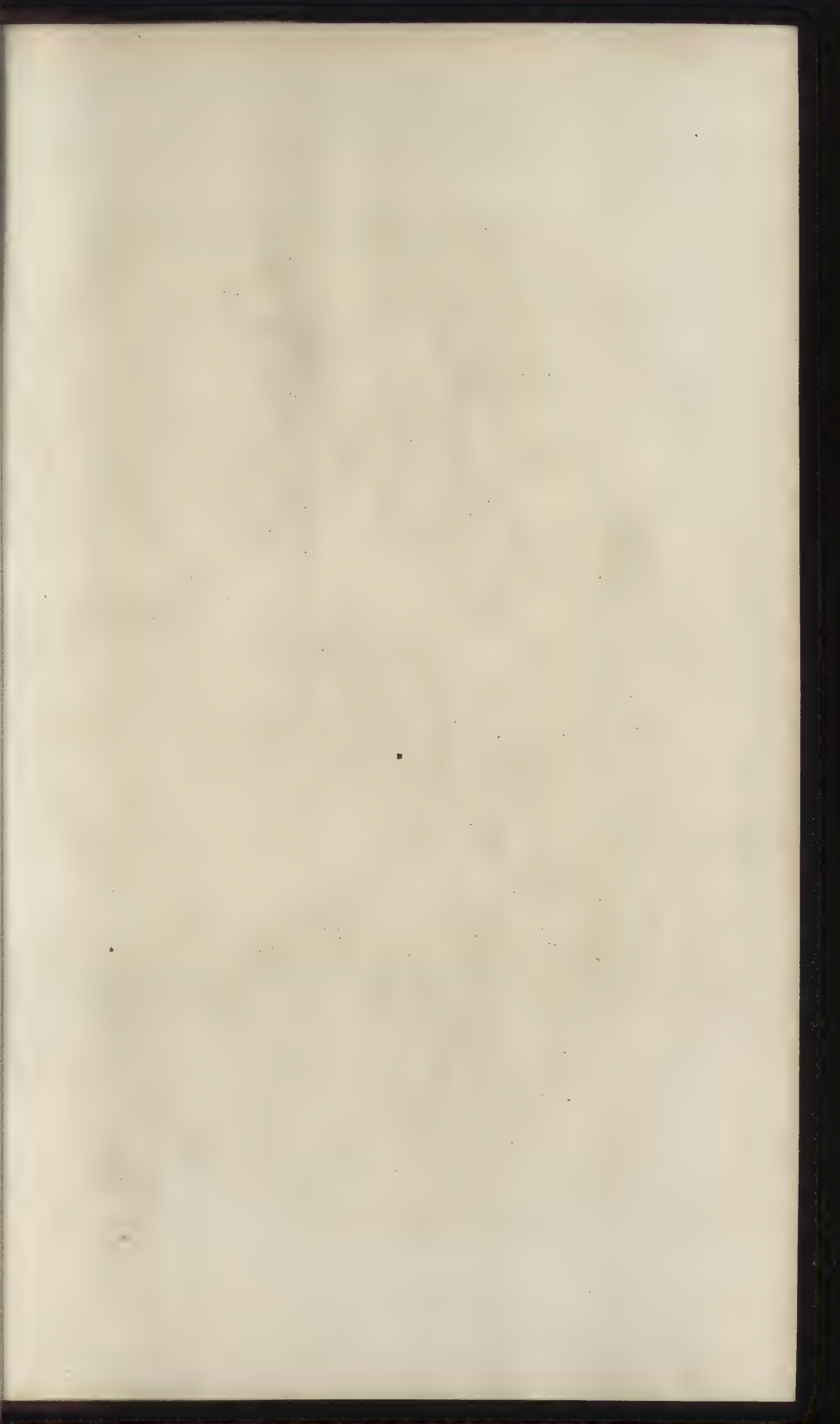
They were such in fact. We here took a farewell view of the mountainous country, we had passed. The *far-off mountains* became by degrees *small and undistinguishable*; and soon *turning into clouds*, disappeared.

The general character of all this country, through which we now travelled, is that of flat, and woody. About Charnock the ground is varied, and the scenery more beautiful.

In Lancashire we frequently observed a breed of large cattle, which in the country is called the *wag-horn breed*, from the manner, in which the horn bends under the eye. In other countries I have heard them called *lough-borned*; but throughout England, they are commonly known by the name of the *Lancashire breed of cattle*. They are said to be fleshy, and more proper for the shambles, than the dairy:
tho









tho in Lancashire we were told, they are esteemed the best milch-cows. Their twisted horns give them a peculiar, and picturesque cast of countenance.

The country between Wigan, and Warrington still continues flat, and woody. The soil is a loose sand, infomuch that the poplar, and other quick growing trees, whose roots creep about the surface, often receive a cast from the wind, which gives them a disagreeable appearance. An inclined tree may be picturesque; but to make it so, it must always be well-balanced. A tree, which inclines, when it is young, naturally forms a balance, as it grows; but when it takes an inclined direction, after it is full grown, it immediately appears to be in an unnatural state.

The lanes in this country are pleasant; but the roads are rough. The soil produces no materials to make them: and the inhabitants are obliged to fetch stones from the Welch coast; the freight and carriage of which raises the expence of the roads, in many parts, to the enormous sum of one thousand pounds a mile.

Here and there in passing through the country, we have long flat distances; over

which rise the high grounds of Derbyshire. A new house, built by Mr. Smith Barry, commands an extensive woody flat of this kind towards Cheshire, bounded by Delamere-forest. But his brother's house stands more pleasantly by the side of Marberry-mere, which is a considerable, and beautiful piece of water.

By degrees the face of the country becomes more varied. We admire a woody dip at Wynchcomb-bridge; and near it a common, pleasantly circled with clumps, and single trees. Mowcap hill, crowned with a sort of castle-like form, which has a good effect, is seen far and wide, adorning as a background all the scenes in it's neighbourhood. It is a poor substitute for a Scotch mountain; yet it is sufficient to remind us frequently, in our different views of it, of the great use of high grounds in landscape.—As we approach Trentham, the country assumes a still more varied appearance.

Trentham is the seat of earl Gower, now marquis of Stafford. When we were last in this country, a wet day prevented our seeing more of it, than we could discover from
the

the road*. We had now the opportunity of a fine evening, and saw it to better advantage. The house stands low; at the bottom of a woody hill, on the banks of the Trent: and tho there is nothing very peculiarly striking in the situation; yet it consists of considerable variety in point of ground, wood, and water. Of all this Mr. Brown, who was called in to improve it, has made a masterly use; and has adapted with great judgement his improvements to the ground. The contrivance is more varied, than the works of this artist commonly are; and the result is, a scene of great simplicity, and beauty—I may add, of magnificence also. The Trent is here a river of no great consequence; but being checked in it's course by a head, it forms a large piece of water, which sweeps along the side of the park, where the ground from the wooded hill falls beautifully into it in all directions. A very elegant walk likewise is conducted, first by the edge of the water; and then among the woods; from many parts of which the house makes a magnificent appearance beyond the lake, forming picturesque reflections upon it's

* See Observations, &c. V. I. p. 75.

surface. The shores of the water on the side opposite to the park, have little to recommend them at present. They are flat, newly planted, and without any effect: and the head, or mole, has yet rather an awkward appearance; running a considerable way like a hedge. Whether a lake, or a river, is aimed at, the extremities should be provided for; and if the artificial squareness of the mole, which forms the lake, cannot be hid, or disguised; the idea of a *lake* should be dropped, and that of a *river* adopted. Pliny's rule, tho given on a different occasion, cannot be too scrupulously observed. *Ambire debet se extremitas; et sic desinere, ut promittat alia post se; ostendatque quæ occultat.*—But as a dozen years have now elapsed, since these observations were made; many improvements may have taken place; and the whole line of the lake may be altered. Upon the whole however we seldom see a piece of artificial ground, which from it's variety, and management, is more capable of gaining the attention.—A very fine approach to the park, on the side next Stone, is now forming. The line is good in which it is marked out round a hill. Handsome gates are already erected.

From

From Trentham to Stone, the road is pleasant, winding among hills; but as we enter more into Staffordshire, the country loses its beauty.

Enville, the seat of the earl of Stamford, stands low; but most of the grounds, which belong to it are high: and these high grounds are the most beautiful appendages of the place. They are simple sheep-walks, and consist of large lawns, and plantations intermixed; but are more varied, more natural, and more pleasing, than the neighbouring lawns of the celebrated Hagley. They pretend to no decoration, but that of nature: and when nature, at any time condescends with her own hand to decorate a scene, removing what is offensive, and bringing before the eye such objects only as please, (whether of the sublime, or, as here, of the pastoral kind) it is surely paying her no very high compliment, to say, she exceeds the utmost attempts of art. In these grounds if any art hath been used, it hath been used with great judgement. To
this

this pleasing foreground is added a distance, proportioned to it in extent, and equal to it in beauty. We overlook an extensive view on both sides. On one towards the Clent, and Malvern-hills; and on the other as far as the Wrekin. I cannot describe this distance better, than in the words of Thomson, who spent much of his time in this country, and seems to have collected all the ingredients of this landscape from some hill in the neighbourhood.

Mean time you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages imbosomed soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by dusky columns mark'd
 Of rising smoke, your eye excursive roams.

We strayed a long time among these beautiful lawns, before we descended to the lower grounds. One view, in our descent, particularly pleased us. It is a valley, screened on each side with wood; and bounded by distant country, and mountains. The lower grounds near the house, are more decorated by art, as they certainly ought to be: but it was unfortunate, that we had not seen them, before

before we saw the sheep-walks. From such an exhibition it required some time to bring the eye in humour with the most pleasing artificial scene.

From Enville the country grows unpleasant. On the left we have good views about the hundred and sixth stone. Pershore-church, as you approach, and the distances beyond it, make a good picture.—The celebrated vale of Evesham possesses little that is picturesque. It is a mere extended scene of cultivation. Vales of this kind have no place in landscape, but the distance. They afford no circumstances on the spot. Near the close of the vale, a little to the right of Broadway-hill, the skreen of the vale is woody and more beautiful. The view as we descend Porten-hill is very amusing. It lies chiefly within the compass of a second distance.—Soon after we deviated a few miles to see Bulstrode.

Bulstrode, belongs to the duchess dowager of Portland*. The park is a pleasant, rather

* Now to the duke of Portland.

than

than a striking scene. It consists of a great variety of rising and falling grounds, without water indeed ; but in many parts well-planted, and every where simple, and unforced.

On a height, in one part of it, is a circular flat, about half a mile in circumference, which has evidently been a camp ; but whether of British, Danish, or Roman structure, is not easily known. You plainly trace a mound, and a double ditch. The scene itself, surrounded by wood, is pleasing.

The house formerly belonged to the celebrated Judge Jeffereys, but is now greatly altered and improved. It stands on a gentle rise, which slopes into a semicircular valley, composed of park-scenery. The approach, which was formerly regular, winds now, in an easy line, along a valley. Behind the house runs the garden ; where plants, and flowers of every kind, find their proper soil and shelter. One large portion is called the American grove ; consisting of the plants of that continent. Here too the duchess has her menagerie. She is fond of animals ; and among many that are curious, encourages the very squirrels and hares to enjoy a state of perfect tran-

tranquillity. The squirrel cracks his nut at your elbow; and looks at you without dismay: while the hare, at her pleasure, takes her morning and evening gambols about the park, which she considers as her own domain. When the bell rings for dinner, a servant carries out a basket of corn, which he lays in little heaps upon the lawn, before the dining-room windows. The hares know both the signal, and the intention of their benefactress; and assembling from all parts, bring their little families with them, and enjoy their meal in great comfort.

The house contains some good pictures. One particularly, by Rubens, in which he has given several different attitudes of himself, and his three wives, is much admired. There are also two or three well-painted heads. Two lions pursuing a fawn, by Rubens, are thought capital. The lions are good; but unnaturally introduced. They are quarrelling about a fawn, before they have taken it. The truth is, the fawn does not belong to the lions. We have them in other pictures without it. Lord Warwick, I believe, has the lions without the fawn.

The

The hall is hung with a large collection of huntings by Snyders. In the bear and bull-baiting are some excellent dogs; but in general these pictures are only hasty compositions.

Among the works of art at Bulstrode, which abounds chiefly with the curiosities of nature, we were favoured with a sight of one by Mrs. Delany, which we greatly admired. Mrs. Delany, is widow of the late Dr. Delany, dean of Down, one of the intimate friends of dean Swift. She is now seventy-six years of age, and enjoys her faculties in such vigour, that you find not the least faltering in any of them. The work of hers, which I allude to, is an herbal, in which she has executed a great number of plants, and flowers, both natives, and exotics, not only with exact delineation, and almost in their full lustre of colour, but in great taste. And what is the most extraordinary, her only materials are bits of paper of different colours. In the process of her work, she pulls the flower in pieces, examines anatomically the structure of its leaves, stems, and buds; and having cut her papers to the shape of the several parts, she puts them together; giving them a richness,
and

and consistence by laying one piece over another; and often a transparent piece over part of a shade, which softens it. Very rarely she gives any colour with a brush. She pastes them, as she works, upon a black ground, which at first I thought rather injured them; as a middle tint would have given more strength to the shades: but I doubt whether it would have answered in effect. These flowers have both the beauty of painting, and the exactness of botany: and the work, I have no doubt, into whatever hands it may hereafter fall, will long be considered as a great curiosity*.

From Bulstrode we took the Uxbridge road. At Hillingdon, opposite to the church, stands a very noble cedar of Lebanon; indeed almost the only truly picturesque tree of the kind, I ever met with.

* Mrs. Delany died in the beginning of the year 1788. She continued her work, till within two, or three years of her death; and completed nine volumes in folio; each volume containing one hundred plants.

Soon after we entered Hounslow-heath, and called at Witton, which belonged formerly to the duke of Argyle. The duke was the greatest connoisseur in trees of any man in England; and naturalized great numbers. He piqued himself on having his trees in the greatest perfection. If a tree did not *immediately* thrive, he never waited for it's growth, but put in another. In the house and gardens, there is little besides, that is remarkable.

From Witton we proceeded through Twickenham; where the garden of Pope is still shewn, in the state in which he left it. It is surprizing to see such an effort of real taste, at a time, when the country was barbarous in all it's ideas of gardening. He is said to have been assisted by Kent; but I think it not at all a determined point, whether he did not give Kent more assistance than he received. Pope certainly assumed to himself the merit of forming this piece of ground; and used often to say, with perhaps some little

little degree of affectation, that of all his works, he valued himself most on his garden.

—What Sir William Stanhope added afterwards, tho he had the ideas of a more improved day to guide him, is very inferior.

As we leave Twickenham, the Thames opens beautifully, and forms a fine reach. But notwithstanding it's beauty, and even grandeur—the richness of it's banks—and the gorgeous villas, that crown them, it still falls short, in a picturesque light, of a Scotch river, with all it's rough accompaniments, pouring over rocks, and forming a thousand little foaming eddies. The eye, so long in the habit of admiring the wild scenes of nature, cannot easily forget those enchanting images. Every kindred object raises a recollection of the past; and every recollection, a comparison, in which the tame, tho enriched scenes of art are sure to suffer.

To enumerate only in a catalogue, the several splendid villas, that adorn even this part of the Thames, would be tedious. What

is chiefly the object of a stranger's notice is Mr. Walpole's house at Strawberry-hill. He has rebuilt it (for it was before an old mansion) in the Gothic style, as the most proper receptacle for the many curious, and rich remains of antiquity, with which it is adorned. But through the inability of his architects, particularly of Langley (who, tho' esteemed capital in his day, knew nothing of the art of constructing modern Gothic) his ideas were never properly executed. Mr. Walpole often complained they were rather Moorish, than Gothic: however, as he could not, at that day, procure better assistance, he was obliged to acquiesce in what he could not amend. He was always however among the first to depreciate his own architecture.

With regard to the inside of his house, he early saw that insipid taste prevailing, which is now so general, of adorning walls, and ceilings, with light, faint, gaudy colours; and endeavoured to introduce a tone of harmony into his apartments; and to relieve the furniture by an opposition of colour in the rooms, where it was placed. He always however lamented, that he fell short of his own designs: but still he raised the admiration of
of

of others, who had a less accurate taste than he had himself; and were pleased with something, which they could not account for.

The garden contains about ten acres. It consists of a lawn, and open grove; and is considered only as a foreground to a beautiful bend of the Thames, and the landscape beyond it, which displays some of the rich distances in that neighbourhood—very unlike indeed the grand, and simple views, we had seen in the highlands of Scotland; but more assimilated to the character of a southern country. A Scotch landscape beyond the rich views of the Thames, would be as absurd in a picture, as it would be unnatural in a real view.

In an angle of the garden stands a Gothic chapel, containing a lofty, rich shrine of ancient Mosaic, which is exceedingly curious.

But tho the house is richly adorned with remains of antiquity, which present themselves in every apartment; yet they are a small part of those rarer productions of art—drawings—medals—enamels—and miniatures, which are contained in cabinets. In the three last articles especially, most of which consist

consist of the portraits of eminent men, I suppose few private collections are either so copious, or so curious.

From Twickenham, we crossed the Thames at Kingston, and proceeded into Surrey.

T H E E N D.

A C C O U N T
OF THE
P R I N T S.

WITH regard to the prints, which adorn these volumes, I can only say, what I have said of those in other publications of the same kind ; that few of them pretend to be *exact portraits*. They in general *only characterize the countries*, through which the reader is carried. They were slightly taken in the course of a hasty journey ; and at best meant only to preserve the great lines of the country : and even this, I fear not always accurately. I have heretofore made confession to the public, that when I have seen a line out of place, I have a great propensity to correct it by one that is more picturesque.

I would not however wish these drawings to be considered merely as the effusions of
VOL. II. a fancy.

fancy. In those views, in which the features are strong, and prominent, as in the approach to Edinburgh, to Sterling, and to Dunbarton, I hope, *the character of the place* is tolerably conveyed; in others, which offer nothing striking, *the character of the country* only is attempted.

But indeed, on so small a scale, it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of a grand scene. However exact the portrait might be, yet under such paltry dimensions, the eye would revolt against the idea of grandeur. Were it painted indeed with exactness on a pane of glass in a window, and the eye brought to it, under the deception of it's being a real view; the imagination might aggrandize it. But I am clearly of opinion, that without deception, a few inches of paper can never give any thing like an adequate idea of grandeur.

And here I am glad of an opportunity of mentioning a set of Scotch views, which will soon be published; and will intirely supersede any portraits, which at best I could have given. They are on the large scale of twenty-five inches by eighteen; which is both a good size, and a good proportion. And tho prints even of this magnitude are nothing,
when

when compared to the grand scenes of nature; yet as they are larger than prints of landscape commonly are, the eye gives them some credit for the dimensions they represent. These views were drawn, (and, I believe, will be etched,) by Mr. Joseph Farington.

I am not in the least acquainted with that artist: but as I have admired several of his prints from the drawings, he made on the lakes of Cumberland, and Westmoreland; I cannot forego the pleasure of mentioning these Scotch views, which I doubt not will be in the same stile of excellence. Mr. Farington's scheme is very extensive, comprehending several parts of Scotland: but the views he now offers to the public, are taken from the scenery about Edinburgh, Sterling, and the banks of the Forth; which are, so far, in the direct rout described in these pages; and I serve myself in mentioning them. They are an appendix to my work. These views, I understand also by the proposals, will still be rendered more valuable by explanatory descriptions of each by Mr. Knox of the antiquarian society at Edinburgh.

But tho in comparison with such grand views, as I take it for granted these will be,

I speak contemptibly of my own *diminutive* drawings; yet I hope I may offer them to the public with some little confidence, as *pictures* at least as far as they go, tho not as exact *portraits*. Of the free, and elegant manner, in which they are executed by Mr. Alkin in aquatinta, who compleated the whole work himself, I can speak with great assurance. He has given me much satisfaction; and I hope he will give equal satisfaction to the public. The elegance of his workmanship makes up for the defects of the drawings.

V O L. I.

1.

A copy of the shilling, which king Charles the first in his necessity ordered to be stamped at the siege of Newark. page 16.

2.

A resemblance of the picturesque bridge at Hawick. 49.

3. A

3.

A perspective view of the mountains at Ferney. I cannot however say, that in this print my idea is well conveyed. A very small touch, in so diminutive a print, injures the form of a mountain; and these have lost somewhat of their picturesque form. Mr. Alkin would have altered them; but it is so nice a matter to make alterations in aquatinta, that he was afraid of doing more hurt than good. 51.

4.

Approach to Edinburgh. I do not think the appearance of Arthur's seat, and the rocks about Edinburgh, which present, at a distance, the appearance of a cap of maintenance, is overcharged in this print. 59.

5.

A corner of the rock, on which Edinburgh-castle stands, with the bridge over the north loch. 63.

6.

A plan of the situation of Hopeton house; but by no means taken with exactness. p. 69.

7.

The frith of Forth from the lawn before Hopeton-house; where it takes the form of a lake. 69.

8.

Blacknefs-castle; in which something of the indistinct appearance, which it made, after sunset, is aimed at. 73.

9.

Approach to the castle of Sterling. 81.

10.

Loch-leven. The general idea of the scene only is aimed at. The form of the castle is
not

not exact; and the mountain beyond it, is not so broken as it is here represented: but in endeavouring too accurately to correct every little impropriety in plates of this kind, I found there was great danger of losing the spirit of the whole. 89.

11.

View of *Rumbling-brig*. A general idea of the scene only is given; but a detail of those picturesque roughnesses and irregularities with which it is marked, is not attempted. 125.

12.

A sand-bank, &c. on the Tummel. 131.

13, 14.

Two prints to illustrate a mode of fixing the hues of nature. The three original colours, yellow, blue, and red may be varied infinitely. Two of them in different proportions will produce endless variety. But when the three are mixed, it exceeds all conception what

different colours may be produced. A scale however of this kind, would be more compleat by the addition of the best browns, reds, &c.; which cannot be obtained in such perfection from a mixture of the three original colours. The several squares of colours in the different leaves of such a book as this, might be classed under the heads of *Browns—greens—purples*, &c. which would make them more easily referred to.
133.

15.

The pass of Killicranky. 135.

16.

The vale of Tay. 151.

17.

The form of Loch-tay. 153.

18.

A view of Loch-tay from the church. 153.

19. A

19.

A view of Loch-tay from Maxwell's temple. 161.

20.

View of a castle on lake Dochart. 173.

21.

Kilchurn-castle. 177.

22.

Situation of Inverary-castle. 181.

23.

View of Inverary-castle. 181.

24.

View of Loch-fyne—the bridge over the Aray—the mount Doniquaik. 185.

V O L. II.

25.

CASTLE upon Loch-Fyn. The ridge sloping towards the eye probably would not appear in some lights, as it appeared to us. 3.

26.

View on lake Lough. 13.

27.

View up the narrow, northern extremity of Loch-Lomond. 19.

28.

Plan of Loch-Lomond; exhibiting merely a general idea of the situation of the several parts of it. 23.

29. Plan

29.

Plan of the same kind, exhibiting the situation of the country about Dunbarton. 43.

30, 31.

Two views of Dunbarton-castle—the first at a distance—the second on a nearer approach. 45.

32.

View of Dunglas-castle. 55.

33.

View of Queensberry-house. 79.

34.

View of Entrekin. 95.

35.

A part of Lincluden abbey. 97.

36. View

36.

View of the bleak shores on the Solway Frith. 101.

37.

Gretna-green. The church, which is rarely, I believe, if ever, used for the celebration of marriages, does not stand so high as it is here represented. 107.

38.

View from the Ray. 155.

39.

The head of a Lancashire cow. 181.

40.

An illustration of a tree, that has gotten an inclined twist by the wind in it's age; and of one that has recovered from such a twist by growth. 181.

TRANSLATIONS
OF
LATIN PASSAGES.

VOL. I.

Page 10. **T**HOSE habits, which every man had when alive, continue with him after death.

- 36. He was a prince remarkable for every virtue; but above all for clemency.
- 38. A pricked line.
- 59. Except in the neighbourhood of a town, the country is desolate and barren.
- 98. The icy Erne weeps over vast heaps of slain.
- 103. The Britons, in troops, consisting of men and women, fled every where with lamentable

lamentable cries; dragging away the wounded; and calling on those, who had escaped. Their houses were deserted; and by themselves often set on fire. Hiding-places were sought out; and immediately forsaken. Plans of defence were debated; and hope for a moment entertained. Then perhaps the sight of their wives and children would drive them to despair. Rage and frantic wildness would succeed; and it was affirmed that many of them put their families to the sword, declaring they did it in mere pity.

Page 106. If the language of a dramatic character varies from his situation in life, the absurdity will be received with contempt.

Either make the character agreeable to history; or make the fiction consistent with itself.

Let the dramatic writer study well the manners of real life; and draw his characters from thence.

— 110. A noble palace, supported by a hundred columns; and screened by venerab^l

rable woods, which have seen many generations.

Page 110. Here the kings of the country received their crowns, and sceptres.

— 111. If there is truth in fate, the Scotch will always hold the reins of empire, where this stone is found.

— 159. Which overlooks a distant country.

— 200. In the wars of barbarians, rage, and victory leave no kind of cruelty unpractised.

V O L. II.

— 21. **A**ND cloaths them with purple light.

30. Sometimes joining together, they form a continent: sometimes under the impression of uncertain gusts they divide, and are driven about in various directions. Then again, a calm coming on, they float upon the surface of the lake in separate bodies:

bodies: and often their connection is so whimsical, great, and small adhering, that that they appear, at a distance, like vessels at anchor with their boats. Then the gale perhaps rising, they all set off together, as if sailing for a wager; all making to the same point.

- 45. The foaming wave dashes the rock, while the quivering sea-weed is lashed from side to side.
- 47. This rock is of so hard a texture, that the keenest instrument can scarce touch it: and if by any violence, or accident, a piece is broken off, it emits a strong smell, like sulphur.
- 50. In the midst of an extensive plain, near the river Molucha, stood an immense rock, fortified with a considerable castle. One only pass led to it; and that exceedingly narrow. On each other side, it was steep, as if hewn by art.
- 50. Where the Leven falls into the Clyde, on a plain, extending about a mile to the neighbouring mountains, rises a rock with two summits: between which an ascent by steps has been hewn in the solid rock with

with infinite labour; but so narrow, that one person only can ascend at once.

— 50. On the summit of a hill stood a fortress, so advantageously seated, that it defied any mode of attack, but a blockade. At the bottom it was defended by two rivers; and the plain it stood on, extended about three miles.

— 63. Horrid forms appear.

— 89. They were perfectly white, with rough manes, like lions: in other respects they were like common cattle.

— 89. In the Caledonian forest are produced a species of white cattle with manes like lions; of a nature so fierce, that it is impossible to tame them. But as their flesh is esteemed very palatable, the breed is said to be almost extinct.

— 113. In it's natural state, untouched by the rake, uninjured by the plough.

— 115. What you call a desert, and inhospitable tract, has abundant charms for him, who thinks with me.

- 123. A piny mountain-top.
 - 131. The foaming rivers rush down the mountain sides with impetuous course.
 - 139. A more hardy race of men, who are a kind of foresters, inhabit the northern, and highland parts of the country. They are cloathed in a vest; over which they fling a mantle; and wear no covering on their legs, as far as the knee. They are armed with a bow, and arrows; a sword exceedingly broad; and a dagger, which cuts on one side only.
 - 184. The extremities ought to wind in such a manner, as to promise something still beyond them; and to lead the imagination to investigate parts unseen.
-

E R R A T A.

V O L. I.

Page.

- 17. Dele, *of which the whole nation hath deservedly.*
- 36. For *then*, read *than*.
- 37. For *the penal laws*, read *penal laws*.

45. For

Page.

- 45. For *moranders*, read *maranders*.
- 101. For *eminence their*, read *eminence in their*.
- 107. For *that town. and*, read *that town, and*.
- 131. For *itself beneath*, read *itself behind*.
- 142. For *seat pleasure*, read *seat of pleasure*.
- 152. For *valley*, read *vale*.
- 188. At the end of the page, make a paragraph after *upon the latter*.
- 192. For *good office*, read *good offices*.
- 194. For *even left, the*, read *even left the*.
- 201. For *confideracy*, read *confederacy*.
- 297. For *whenever*, read *wherever*.

V O L. II.

- 5. For *be be had just*, read *be had just*.
- 11. For *wale*, read *valley*.
- 45. For *county*, read *country*.
- 101. In the note, for *since been authenticated*, read *since authenticated*.
- 115. For *soil and climate deny*, read *soil and climate are thought to deny*.
- 136. For *these however*, read *them*.
- 155. For *noble appearance*, read *proper appearance*.
- 161. For *which forms*, read *which form*.
- 166. For *these artificial woods*, read *an artificial wood*.

Among the Errata of these volumes I think it proper to correct an error of more consequence in a similar work, which I have no other means of correcting. In the preface to some picturesque observations I lately published on the Lakes and Mountains of Cumberland, and Westmoreland, I assert (p. 16) that *Gothic architecture is no where found, but in England; except in such parts of France, as were in possession of the English*.

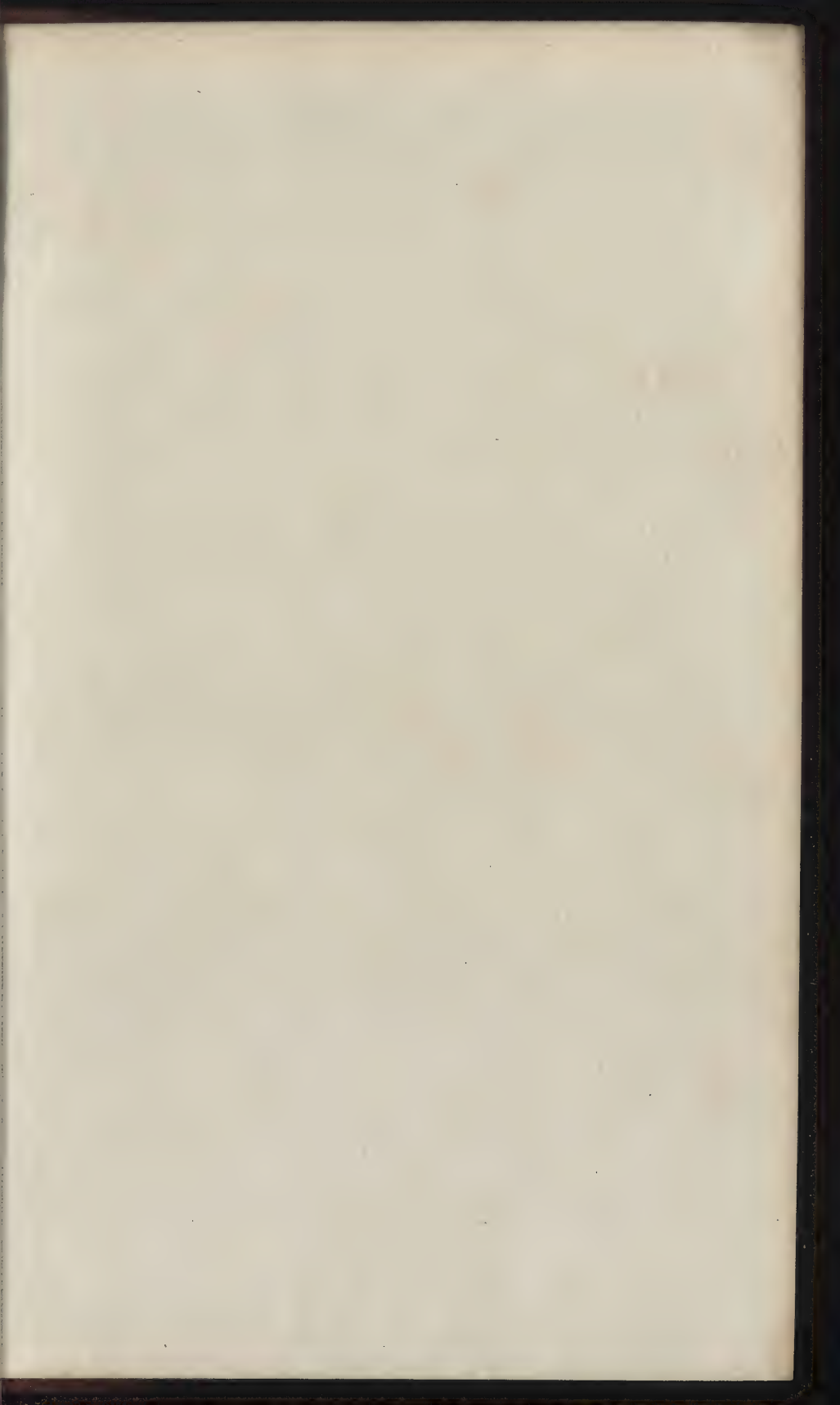
I have

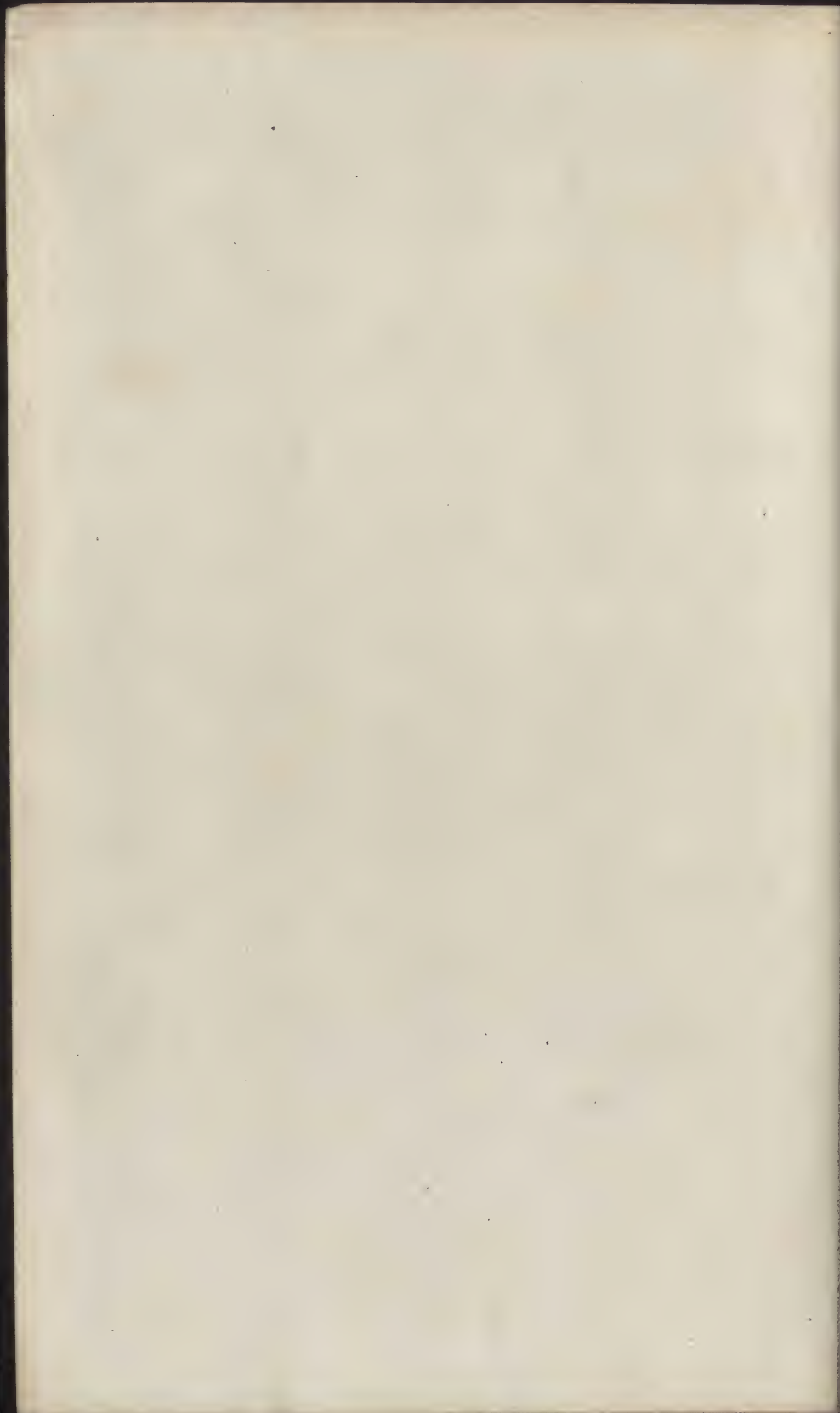
I have since found this to be a mistake. I had supposed indeed, that all the old buildings on the Continent, were of a kind of anomalous architecture, very different from what we denominate Gothic in England. But a friend, who had contributed to lead me into the mistake, has since led me out of it. He is a good judge of Saxon and Gothic architecture in their various combinations; and informs me in a letter from Germany, that the great church at Cologne, which he had examined on the spot, is very much in the style of York-minster; tho upon a more ample plan. The cathedral too at Ulm is pure Gothic; tho the original plan neither there, nor at Cologne is completed. The great church at Auxerre in Burgundy he thought at least equal in elegance to any Gothic building he had any where seen; tho it wants the grandeur of the lengthened isle. Even the cathedral of Milan he found true Gothic. In short, he traced that stile of architecture not only in the cathedrals, but in the parish-churches, through France, Germany, and Italy, as far as Naples.—The *history* of Gothic architecture appears to me therefore to be very little known. We can trace Grecian and Roman architecture, however scattered through Europe, to one common origin: but where shall we seek the origin of Saxon, and Gothic?

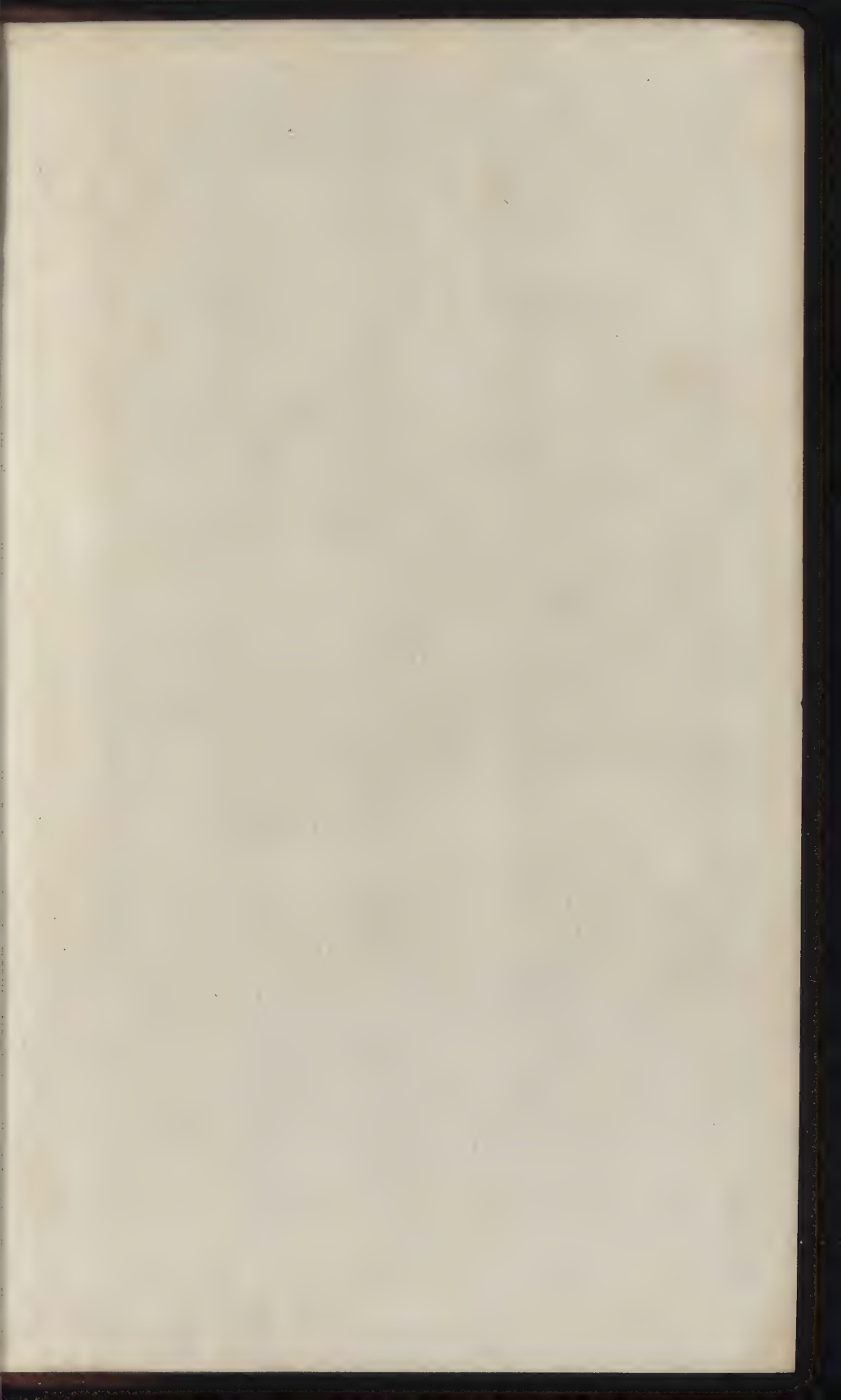
Since the last sheet of this work was printed, I have received some circumstances with regard to the affair of Paul Jones (mentioned in the 105th page of the second volume) which I am desired to add.

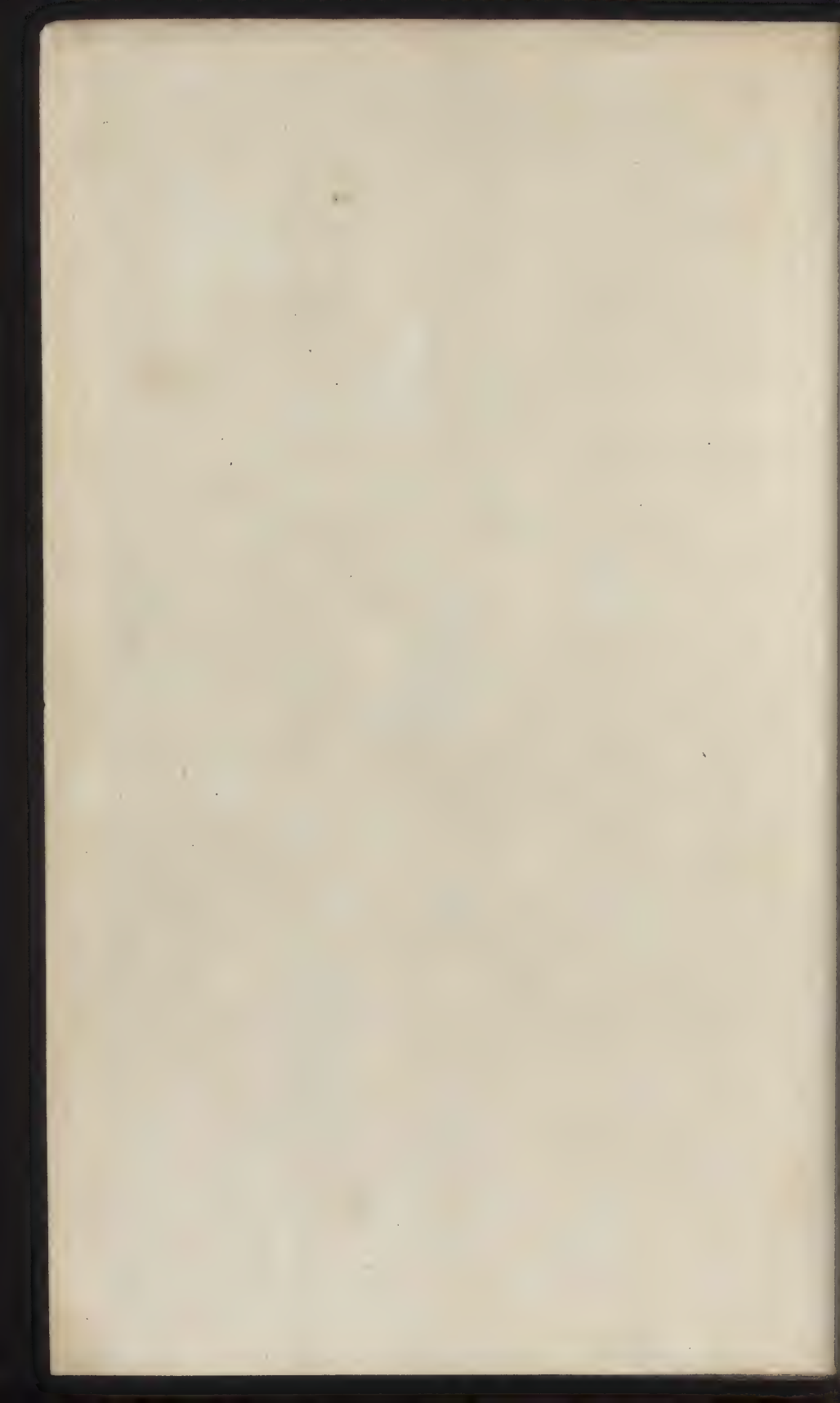
Soon after the ships left the bay, Jones informed Lord Selkirk by a letter, that he avowed indeed the intention of carrying his lordship off; but with a design merely to get a cartel established, through the means of such a prisoner. As to taking the plate, he said, he totally disavowed it: his crew forced him to it; being determined to have a little plunder, for the risk they had run both in Kircudbright-bay; and in attempting, the night before, to burn the shipping at Whitehaven.—To this apology Jones added a promise to restore the plate; which, on the peace, seven years after the depredation, was punctually performed. It was put into the hands of Lord Selkirk's banker in London; and not the least article was missing.—This restitution has the appearance of generosity: but I think it probable, that Jones might feel for his professional character, which he found would suffer under the infamy of such a pilfering transaction.

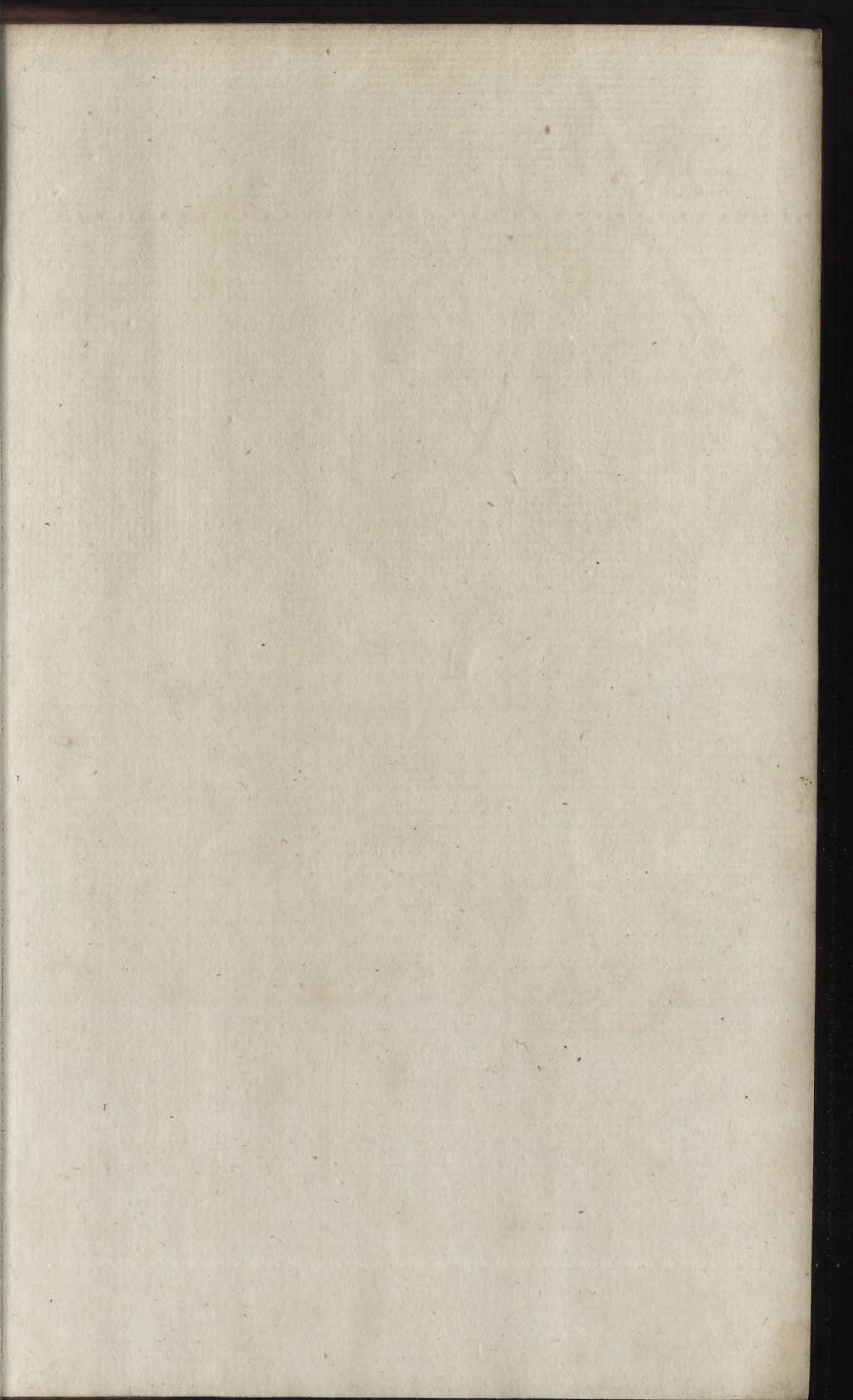


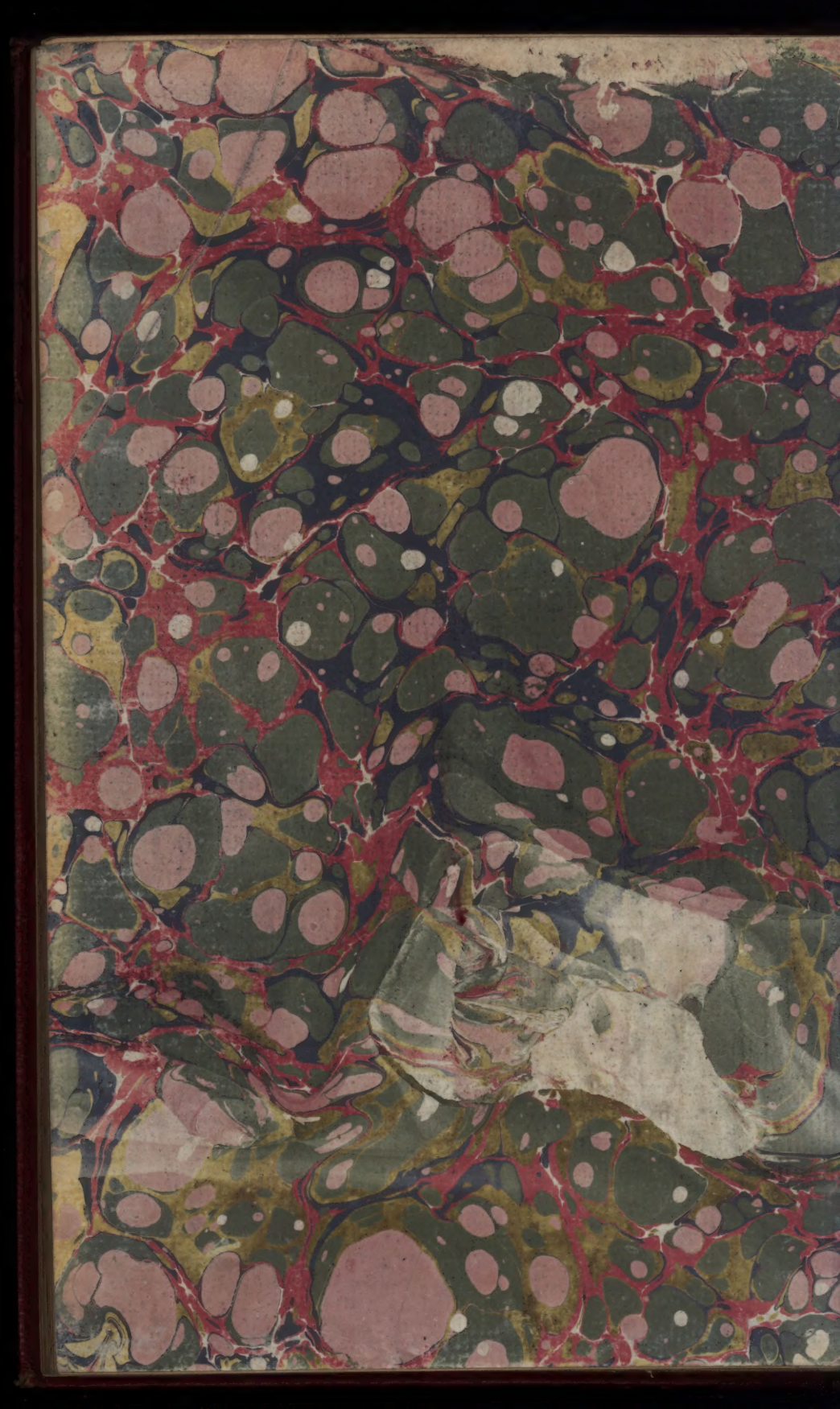


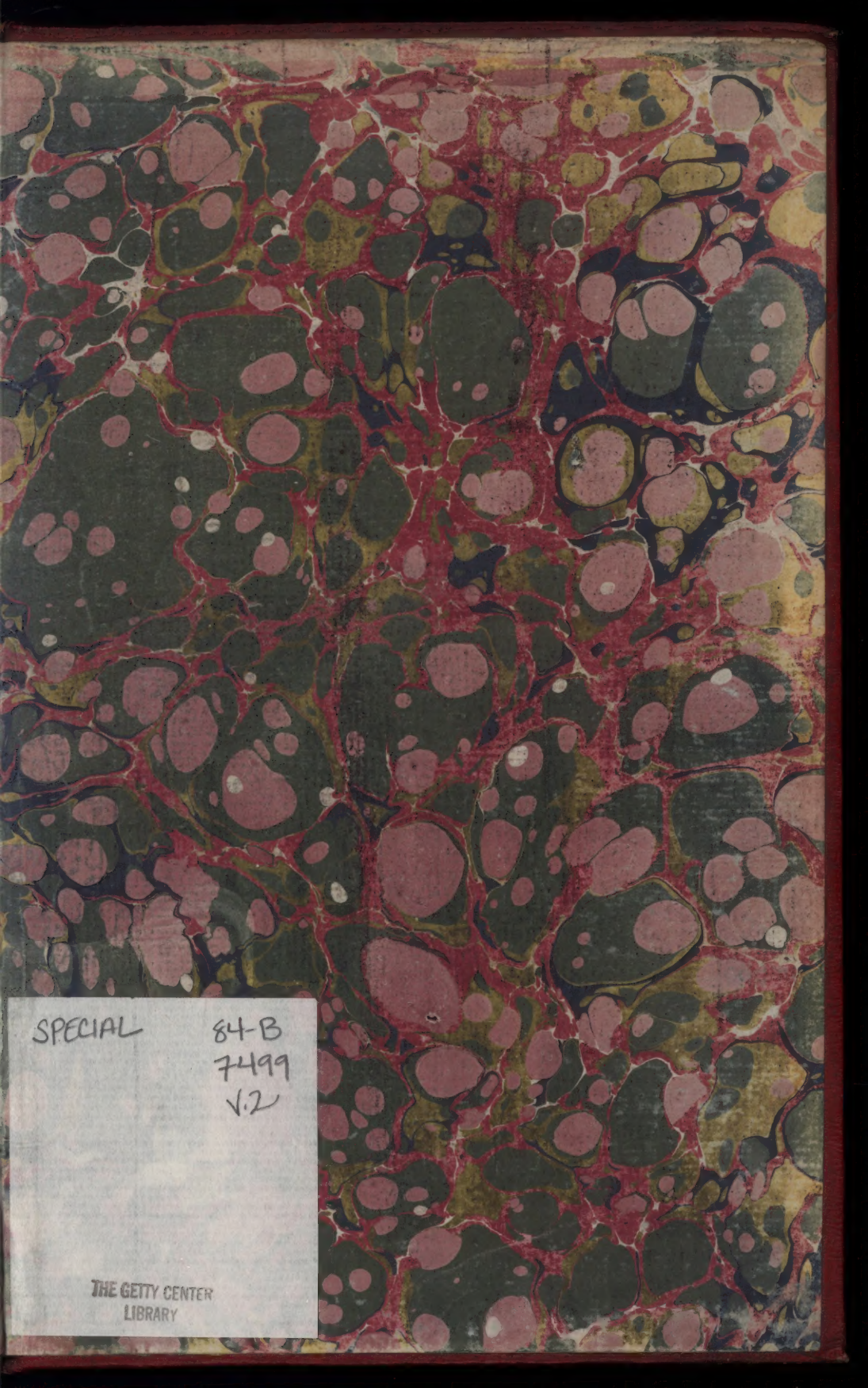












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